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Three Weeks
IN
WET SHEETS;

DIARY AND DOINGS

A Moist Visitor to Malvern.

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD BY H. SMITH.

Hydropathy.

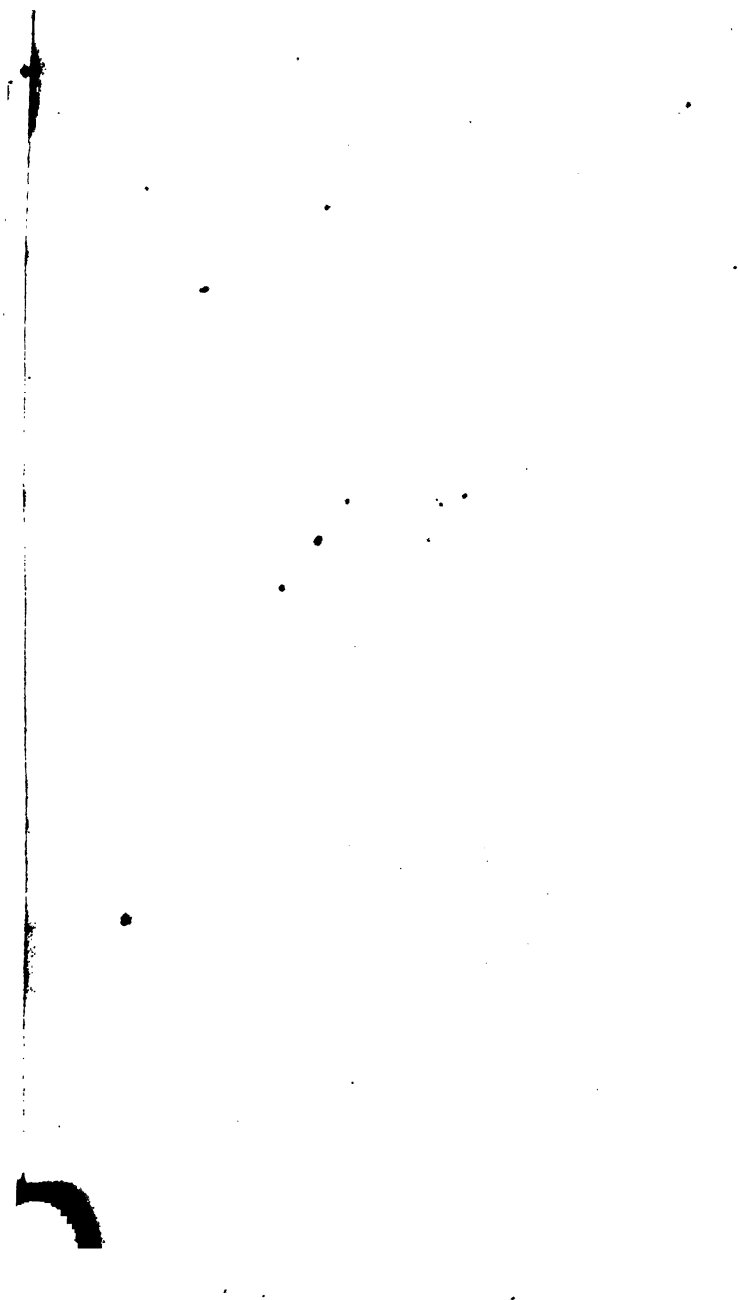


LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.
BRISTOL: JOHN RIDLER.

1851.







Three Weeks
IN
WET SHEETS;

BEING THE
DIARY AND DOINGS
OF
A Moist Visitor to Malvern.

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD BY H. SMITH.

“ Ἀριστερόν μιν ὕδωρ.”
“There is nothing like water.”
—*Translation.*
—*Pinder on the Pump Room.*
“Hot and cold, moist and dry,
Contend alike for mastery.”

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.
BRISTOL: JOHN RIDLER.

1851.

157. C. ~~157~~. 269.



1350 [Leech, Jos.] Three Weeks in Wet
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Bristol, 1851

DEDICATED

(WITHOUT PERMISSION ASKED)

TO JAMES WILSON, ESQ., M.D.



MY DEAR DOCTOR, accept my book
and my blessing.

'Tis now more than twelve months
since, like a good laundress, you sent
home your work well washed and "made
up," after having had me three
weeks in the tub; and I have been thinking more than
once what requital I could make you for your politeness
to the poor gentleman, whom you were kind enough
to call "a Hercules over-worked." Once I thought of a
tureen of turtle or two, but that amphibious luxury is
heterodox in your house; a case of champagne would
be equally malapropos; and as for a Perigord pâté,
that's poison.—The book then suggested itself to me,
so accept it, good Sir, with my best compliments.

Though I have not seen Malvern since the day of
my departure from your house, when I looked back
upon it from the top of the coach and the bottom of the
Spetchley road, and waved my adieus to its rank and
file of houses, mustered under the hills; still I bear a

most lively recollection of the many moist moments I spent in the Vale of the Severn, and believe, with the poet,—

“ There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the Vale in whose bosom the *bright waters* meet.”

I was thinking of praising you, but I have changed my mind, not through any doubt as to your eminent deserts; but you have had this done for you so often already, you would not value my poor mite. All your patients, from her Serene Highness of Saxe Weimar, down to her soubrette, have *packed* you in panegyric. My friend Lane has douched you with it, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has covered you with it, as with a dripping sheet, and pronounced you, in the face of the whole world, a gentleman and a water doctor.

You told me, when I was leaving, that the chief use of a short sojourn in your house, consisted in the patient being taught how to treat himself for the future. I certainly prepared myself in the requisite rules, but cannot place my hand on my heart, and say I have since implicitly followed them. Whatever else be their virtues, the waters of Saint Anne's Well do not resemble in one respect those of the poetic fountain described by Ovid, and which possessed the faculty of weaning a man for ever from wine—

“ Clitorio quicunque sitim de fonte levârit
Vina fugit, gaudetque meris abstemius undis.”

Met. lib. 15.

I have fallen back occasionally from my faith in simple fare, and relapsed more than once into the errors of

the table ; but these backslidings have been usually attended with their own punishment, and brought dyspepsia, if not despair. A return once more to the bosom of benign hydropathy has been the result—a packing or two has restored placidity of mind, and in the tranquilizing repose of the Sitz Bath, I have meditated on the blessings of temperance, and the talents of Doctor Wilson.

Therefore believe me to be,

My dear Sir,

Yours very gratefully,

THE MOIST MAN.

Bristol, December, 1851.



PREFACE.



WO or three have advised me to print my name in the title of this little work, to show that it is not the home-made fiction of a man who

had never had a broadside from a douche, or been imprisoned in a packing-sheet.

There is something in this; for certainly in these book-coining days, so many people sit down and write about what they never saw, that one cannot reasonably complain if, anonymously appearing on paper, he is classed amongst the same shadowy characters. Influenced by these considerations, I therefore hesitated for a moment whether I would not intrepidly inscribe my name on the title-page, and had actually gone so far as to write the first letter of my Baptismal designation, namely, "By J—," when I threw down the pen, frightened at the possible personal inconvenience to myself of such publicity. I pictured to my imagination my name, surrounded by an atmosphere of dripping associations for ever afterwards—I should move in society a damp character, and I fancied the company in the drawing-room, the moment the servant threw open the door, and announced "Mr. —,"

shuddering with hygrometric sympathy, while they exclaimed, with one voice, "Isn't this the *moist man*?" At dinner, too, pulmonary guests would avoid so damp a neighbour, as they would their death, and not a man sneezed at table, but would attribute the symptoms to my frigid society, and his cold to the result of aquatic contact. At the present writing, too, I am a bachelor, with the hope, long, alas! deferred, of being some day promoted to that placid order of domestic animals called Benedicts; but were it known that I nightly retired to rest involved in a wet winding-sheet, Pharaoh's daughter herself, though matriculated by the slimy margin of the Nile, and bold-hearted on such points as her researches amongst the bulrushes must have made her, would pause, I fancy, before binding her destinies for life to such an amphibious partner. Undine might adopt me; but that transparent creature is a world too shadowy for a mortal's wife.

Placing, then, the glory which is doubtless to be derived from the parentage of a book of the great pretensions of this, against the inconveniences enumerated, I determined still to preserve my individual incognito, and be known by the name of the *Moist Man* alone. But though I cannot give my patronymic, I am quite prepared to give a reference as to reality. The papers to which I now attach this Preface, originally appeared in the columns of the *BRISTOL TIMES*, in the Editor of which I vest the copyright, on condition that to all curiously yet civilly inquiring the name of the writer, he shall communicate the same, and, if needs be, bring them face to face with the man himself, so that they shall have "the ocular proof" of my existence, which is not a myth, any more than my sojourn for three weeks, in the month of September, in the year 1850, in Doctor Wilson's Water Cure Establishment at Malvern. If the reader's incredulity still continue, he can subpoena the entire household to give evidence, from the Doctor himself to the youngest Douche-man.

In presenting these papers, in a collected form, to the

public, I may be greatly over-rating their capacity to create interest. When they were first published in the BRISTOL TIMES, however, the readers of that paper were kind enough to say they derived some little amusement from their perusal, as I certainly did myself not a little in preparing them. They were the reminiscences of three not unpleasant weeks which I spent in a peculiar place; and now that I look back through a distance of twelve months, on my sojourn in Malvern, the bracing freshness of its hill breezes seems again to play in memory upon my cheek, as I pen this Preface in a close counting-house, in a narrow street in Bristol. It is Winter, yet I have no difficulty in calling back to mind those bright sunny mornings of an early and beautiful Autumn, when I was up with the lark, or often before, and surprising him in his grassy bed by the Worcestershire Beacon, was rewarded by the first notes of his matin song, as he rose heavenward above my head. Then the view from the Beacon itself, when one had attained that noble height—the prospect from Pisgah could hardly have been finer. Nothing short of the mortal cravings of an appetite sharpened by fresh air, and hankering after the bread and treacle pots of the Hydropathic Establishment below, could ever have brought me back any morning in time for breakfast, from that noble eminence. Then the society—the little world of varied character one met with in and out of the house—all these give zest to recollection, and perhaps tempt me, in measuring other people's feelings by my own, to hope for a more favorable reception for these flimsy papers than even the partiality of a parent could justify.

Bristol, December, 1851.

Three Weeks in Wet Sheets.

CHAPTER I.



WHAT induced me to involve my body in wet sheets, as it was no one's business but my own, would be no one's right to inquire, did I not myself volunteer a description of my three weeks' probation under the pump. He who reads may therefore fairly expect a reason from him who writes. Cowper, the poet, or Dr. Johnson—I cannot say which at the present writing—observed that the man who made his ailments the subject of conversation, was like the spider that spun long threads or yarns out of its intestines. I shall therefore dismiss the subject of my maladies as quickly as possible. I could not say that anything in particular ailed me, but I was generally uncomfortable. The common and ordinary phrase of “out of sorts,” might best convey an idea of my condition. Whether called by mortals and mediciners bile, dyspepsia, or nervousness—whether caused by confinement, by working too hard, or eating too much, I can't pretend to say, but I

felt I required rest, and I fancied I wanted abstinence, and the best place to have both, with the two great elements of air and water in perfection, was in some of those hydropathic houses which stand at the base of the Malvern mountains.

The conclusion jumped with my inclination, and I adopted it. For three weeks I passed through the moist martyrdom of wet sheets and cold water in all its modifications, and having been asked to describe the process orally so often, I at length resolved, in order to save trouble, to copy, with few corrections and personal omissions, a Diary which I kept while there, and which in fact I am always in the habit of keeping when from home. This is less trouble than to be constantly using my tongue telling the same narrative. It costs me no exertion. I have neither to compose nor refine, but to make a fair copy of the rough minutes of each day's doings.

MALVERN.

I and P——r went in a fly from Worcester to Malvern. It was night as we got amongst the straggling lamps of this little fashionable village of idlers, and the out-of health ; still we could see, though with a sort of spiritual indistinctness, standing up behind the houses in the starlight, like a vast wall, the ridge of precipitous hills that form the back-ground to the little invalid and expensive settlements at their base.

Two persons, one an elderly gentleman, and the other younger, were sitting in the coffee-room of the *Belle Vue* Hotel, when we entered. A third soon after appeared muffled up : he rang the bell, and when the waiter entered,

ordered, in a hurried and guilty tone, a glass of brandy and water, drank it and paid for it, and took to flight. When afterwards I became an intern of Dr. Wilson's, I recognised the same gentleman sitting to my right at dinner. He was a water patient, upon whom I suppose the thirst of Cogniac came occasionally so strong, that he surreptitiously broke bounds at nightfall, and, under the shelter of darkness, gratified his ardent desires to the extent mentioned. "The memory of youth," said Allah, "is a sigh:" at Malvern one's souvenirs come back at times in the less poetic but practical shape of a glass of brandy and water. It was so at intervals, I afterwards found, with more than one of my fellow patients.

The two others in the coffee-room were valetudinarians—one of them under out-door water treatment, for the moment the clock in the church tower opposite struck the first stroke of ten, they jumped up, took their candles off the sideboard, and were on their way to bed while the clapper was still beating on the bell. They were regularity itself in this particular, for it was precisely the same on the other nights subsequently which we staid at the Belle Vue.

SOCIETY AND SUNDAY IN MALVERN.

My first night's sleep over in Malvern, I awoke to look forth on a Sabbath landscape that lay stretching out like a rich carpet across the broad vale of the Severn, until it at once terminates and fades away in the dim blue of the far distant hills which remotely confront those, at the base of which Malvern stands.

I threw open the window. The road in front of the Belle Vue forms a fine terraced walk, overlooking the wide vale to which I refer, and here, though it was not yet eight o'clock, moved, or perhaps I might say moped about, invalids old and young, all resolutely bent on the business of getting health, "building themselves up," as the phrase of the place is. Numbers of young ladies, too, appeared from time to time, and passed by under my casement, as they made for the many approaches to the hills behind. Their dress and equipment were peculiar, if not picturesque. Bound over and immediately in front of their bonnets were those blue silk calashes or shades which are known in the place, and perhaps elsewhere, by the popular name of "uglies." In one hand they carried a flat Graffenberg tumbler for the purpose of drinking water at every road or mountain rill they came to, while in the other they stoutly clutched a tall ash staff, some six feet long, with a sharp iron spike at the end; these poles are called Alpine Stocks, and are nearly similar to those used by the peasants of the Swiss Highlands: they are a great help (and this is their chief use) in climbing and descending the hills, while at the same time they may serve for formidable weapons, defensive or offensive—a resource not to be overlooked by ladies who daily wander, often alone, miles away over the mountains. A resolute push from an energetic demoiselle, with the spike end, would be hardly less unpleasant to an impertinent Knight Errant than the thrust of a Polish lance.

Tommy Moore's fair young Irish friend, whose safe

passage with some precious jewellery through the isle is so poetically renowned, may after all have owed her safety as much to the stoutness of a Malvern staff, which defied molestation, as to the honesty of her ardent countrymen, for we are told that

While rich and rare were the gems she wore,
A bright gold ring on her *wand* she bore.

A MALVERN BREAKFAST.

While waiting in the coffee-room for the frizzled bacon which P—— had ordered for breakfast, our old punctual acquaintance of the previous night, who so rigidly rose to retire with the first stroke of ten, came in 'after a long walk: he had been he said to the Beacon on the top of the hills and back, and from what fell from him I further learned that this was a regular matin task of his. He was a pattern valetudinarian in fact, and believed it necessary for his health to half break his heart before breaking his fast, by climbing a sheer ascent of some couple of miles and back again every morning. He could not have been less than sixty-six or seven. He looked tired and jaded after this hard duty, and would have far better consulted his comfort and longevity, I am sure, by continuing in his warm bed until eight, and coming quietly down to his cutlet at nine. But cutlets were as far from his mind as quiet "snooses," for when I fancied he was going to have something nice for breakfast, and that his long walk was but a preparation for more thoroughly enjoying a broiled chicked and mushrooms, the waiter set before him the most outlandish meal I ever beheld, namely, a

mess in a plate (for I afterwards asked the waiter what it was) composed of *bran* and oatmeal moistened, two round vegetables that were either potatoes or yams, and looked like cannon balls, and on this with a bottle of water he set about satisfying his hunger. P—— and I stared with wonder at one another, and then covertly at the old gentleman as he consumed his antiphlogistic meal—such a meal, too, to walk some four miles or so to get an appetite for, I had read of the black broth of Sparta, but never saw anything like this brown mess before. P—— made me shudder and shake in my resolution as he whispered it was probable I should have the same description of breakfast down at Wilson's. However, if the bran and oatmeal did not make the old gentleman fat, something made him uncommonly choleric, for he was most pugnacious with a fellow hydropathist that night. He had been furiously harping all day on the indignity shown to General Haynau, and would, if he could have had his way, have hung all Barclay and Perkins's men, and their masters too. His fellow patient and occupant of the room was quite as insane the other way, and at length fairly told him, when the subject was revived for the twentieth time after tea, that it had better be dropt, as they never would and never could agree. The old gentleman fired up at once as no one, I should have thought, could ever fire up who only fed on bran, oatmeal, and cold water: he told the other to keep his observations to himself until he was spoken to, and gave him to understand he was exceedingly impertinent. In my mind I bestowed a

malediction on Haynau and his moustaches, for I feared there would be bloodshed ; but nothing worse ensued.

FATE OF A WATER PATIENT.

In the course of the evening, a conversation between the old gentleman and a visitor, about a third party—a mutual friend, took place, and soon evolved some interest for me. This mutual friend had, it seems, been a water patient of one of the Malvern doctors, and had just died. Though I was reading a book the catastrophe caught my ear—the subject too acutely concerned me to be overlooked : indeed I could not avoid hearing it, for P——, who had predicted the same melancholy end to my proposed experiment, very emphatically pressed my toe with his own under the table, and muttered “ Ecoutez.” The story was soon told—the water patient had been getting worse and worse it seems, and felt so, for he spoke to his hydropathic adviser (it was *not* Dr. Wilson), and told him his mind, when the water leech advised him to *travel*—he left Malvern, got to Bologne, but never got further. He crossed the Straits of Dover twice within a fortnight, but the second time it was in the hold of the steamer ; he was confined and delivered to his friends at Folkstone by a French undertaker.

I confessed to P—— the story was not encouraging to one who came up to try the cure. It would have decided me against the trial but for one thing, and I'll tell you what that was. I read of Priesnitz, the great original German water doctor of Graffenberg, that such faith had he in the sanatory powers of the pure element,

that he kept a splendid black cob of his two hours every day up to its neck in a pond. Now a man might make experiments, the efficiency of which he had not quite ascertained, upon *mere* patients—human beings, who paid him for perilling their lives : but a valuable animal of his own is quite another thing—quite. The *fiat experimentum in corpore vili* does not apply to a horse worth a hundred pounds—I therefore felt that Priesnitz believed, religiously believed, in the cure, or he would not have subjected his cob to it, and I felt reassured from the honest strong conviction of a clever man.

THE HILLS AND THE HYDROPATHIC HOUSES.

After morning service, we climbed to the Worcester-shire beacon, which is the highest point of the Malvern range, and said to be 1,400 feet above the level of the sea. Though the ascent, formed by winding zig-zag walks scarpd out on the side of the hill, is some couple of miles, yet so precipitous is it, and so boldly upright does the eminence stand, that from its summit you look down on the roofs of the Malvern houses clustering at its base. So narrow is the ridge of hills that, when you reach the top, you have but to turn your back on this view, and you behold on the other side beneath you a somewhat similar scene, but stretching far over and far beyond the cultivated county of Hereford.

But romantic as the view is, I defy you to be very romantic there, for the moment you place your foot on the summit commerce cries and clatters around you with its importunate clamour, in the shape of basket girls pestering you to become the purchaser of ginger-

beer, biscuits, and walnuts, or the owners of return donkeys tempting you with a cheap ride down again.

P—— declared British enterprise, even in its humblest representatives, deserved to be encouraged, so he purchased a pocket full of pears.

After dinner we took a precautionary and preliminary survey of the rival establishments of Wilson and Gully. While reconnoitering the latter, which we did first, we were struck with the peculiar tap-tap heard from almost every room, and on looking closer we perceived that the noise came from the patients playing battledore and shuttlecock. 'Twas to be hoped 'twas salutary, though it could not boast of being a very Sabbath occupation ; but there it went on with its invariable tap-tap. We could not see the players, we could, however, the little feathered shuttlecock, which seemed to be always shooting through the air.

About Wilson's immense establishment and grounds there was an air of massive repose which pleased me better. Many of the patients, ladies and gentlemen, were promenading the gardens, while persons looked in upon them through the railings from the road, with much the same curiosity and commiseration they might be expected to bestow upon the inmates of Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. P——, who never lost an opportunity of trying my courage, called my attention to this fact. "To-morrow evening," said he, "they'll be pointing you out from the road like the rest as 'a poor water gentleman;' one of the moist monomaniacs of Malvern."

"Well, so be it, P——," said I, with something of the resignation of a martyr.

GREAT MALVERN CHURCH.

Monday morning P—— had finished his after-breakfast cigar, which he smoked soothingly, strolling up and down in front of the Belle Vue, enjoying all the while the wide and peaceful prospect of hedgerowed fields, that beginning almost at our feet, stretched far away in the dreamy distance.

I said almost, for immediately under the natural platform on which the hotel stands, the beautiful old Abbey Church uprears its grey tower and battlements, so that from your promenade you look down not only on its picturesque churchyard, dotted with cypress and headstone, but also on the pointed roof and pierced parapets of the holy House itself. The ground of the churchyard rises towards you with the ascent of the hill, placing the church in a hollow, while the broad gravel walk that leads to it from the western gate, sweeping commandingly by the porch after traversing nearly the whole of the north front of the building, describes a bold curve in leading to another gate on the Upton road.

Of this beautiful and tranquil burial-ground, one side of which was nearly bounded by the long grey façade of the fine old church, I became afterwards exceedingly fond. Seated on one of the wooden benches that stood by the broad gravel walk or its grassy slope, and overlooking the quiet landscape, while the noble old building—choir, nave, tower, and transept—flung out their deep shadows, and sheltered me from the warm sun, I passed

many and many a dreamy hour in its quiet sanctuary during the three weeks I subsequently staid at Malvern. So that I really learned to entertain quite an affection for the spot, as though it were the haunt of my youth and childhood. Nor was it in the morning or mid-day alone, I sought its soothing retreat. Many a time has its evening serenity steeped my senses, encompassed me as it were with an atmosphere of tranquillity and thought. A thousand years ago legend or history tells us, when the ground on which the church and village stand was a mass of forest, a few monks, coveting more seclusion and hardship than were to be found in the monastery of Worcester, penetrated the shadowy wood and dug a hermit's cave and raised a hermit's hut in the savage and tangled solitude, above which the Malvern hills reared their bold peaks. These pious pioneers were in time followed by others, and soon in the midst of the Druid wilderness, bosomed by tufted trees, the towers of a Priory rose, and the wild deer and wolf started from their coverts to hear the unaccustomed sound of early matin chaunts from a brotherhood of Benedictines, where no human voice save that of the hunter had before broken the silence.

I knew just enough of its story to give interest to the shadowy and romantic past, and when the sun dipped in its setting towards the great tall hills behind me, and slanted its rays brightly and redly on the pointed windows, fancy unbidden filled up the picture of the fine old Priory Church, with vesper hymn and passing priest.

But these were after imaginings. P—— and I now looked upon it with the pleasure of first impressions. The eye took in the entire length of the noble front, broken up and relieved by projecting porch and transept. Its lofty clerestory and tower, bold and enriched, gave to it a grandeur equal, both in character and proportions, to many of our cathedrals, while in point of situation, with the dark hills overawing it on one hand, and the landscape sloping from it on the other, it surpassed any collegiate church I had ever seen.

We found the door open—(they were erecting a new organ)—and the sexton was at hand. With his assistance and a guide-book we got through all that was to be seen, and that was a good deal, abounding as it does in architectural and antiquarian interest. Nave and choir are both pewed, and were on Sunday more than filled, between visitors and parishioners.

In the choir are four rows of stalls, with carved *misereres*, as the seats which turn upon hinges, and are sculptured underneath not unfrequently with the most obscene subjects, are named. As these relievos were exposed to view while the monks prayed, I never could account for the disgusting pruriency of art in the monkish workmen; and I really think, while I have every respect for decent antiquity, they ought not to be preserved in churches of a purer faith. Some of these performances is wood engraving, which point at rival orders, while more intelligible, are far more tolerable. In one of the churches of Somerset, I think it is East Brent, the Ecclesiastical Courts of Wells were boldly

satirized by the monks, who depicted on one of the stalls a donkey giving law to a court full of geese. On the ceiling of Berkeley Church, the priests laughed at themselves and their hearers by carving a fox preaching in a pulpit, to a select flock of ganders; one of the misereres alluded to at Malvern, and always shown, presents you with three rats hanging a cat, which probably had some local point in it. The state of preservation in which the painted windows, the monuments, and the encaustic tiles, of which there is a curious and very large collection in the church, are kept, prove that Malvern must have been little known and out of the way in Cromwell's time, for his "pretty chicks" plainly never were there, or they would have left their mark behind them; though had they, or could they, have flushed or knocked to fragments the covey of modern cherubs which Lord Foley keeps in front of his family pew, they would not have done much damage to art.

Passing through one of the north aisles, we walked over the tomb of Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, who was fond of Malvern as a retreat in life and death. "Poor old Bathurst," said P——, "when he was 94 years old, my father, who was then his junior but by a few years, was introduced to him at Norwich to play a rubber. 'They blame me for playing cards, Mr. P.,' said he to my father, 'but I can't see to read or to write, and I can see the spots on the cards, so I think I may without sin amuse myself in this way.'" Poor old man, it would have been well if he had seen the spots

and defects of some of his clergy, who ran to riot during his long virtual superannuation, when he dozed over his duties. To his successor, Stanley (the late bishop) devolved the invidious task of making right what went wrong in his time: he rubbed up those clergy who were allowed to rust in negligence and inactivity, and got the nickname of "Jackdaw Stanley" from those whose ease he incommoded. The circumstances under which he obtained this unepiscopal epithet are curious. The bishop was fond of natural history, particularly that branch of it relating to birds, called ornithology: he was very anxious to establish a rookery in the palace grounds, and for this purpose he had conveyed from the Cathedral close a quantity of nests, and thus established a cawing colony in his own trees, while, however, depopulating those of others. Soon after, and while the citizens were yet annoyed at losing their favourite rooks, some mischievous boys broke into the bishop's grounds, and robbed the nests. One of the culprits was taken, brought before the magistrates, and charged with the theft, his lordship being present in the court to urge the suit: when the young urchin was asked what reason he could assign why he should not be sent to gaol for his roguery, he boldly confronted the bishop, and said he did not take *his* rooks. "They weren't yours," said he; "you *stole* them from the Dean and Chapter—I *took* them from you." A peal of laughter followed this defence, and the duty-enforcing Stanley was at once dubbed with the soubriquet of "Jackdaw" by the diocese.

P——, before parting with the sexton at the porch, could not help, for my sake, pumping him on the water cure. The man smiled, and said, "It does very well for old London aldermen and the like, who have been gorging themselves, and come down here to get rid of the effects of their gluttony, and go back like sows to wallow again in the mire. I shouldn't like it, however."

"But this gentleman is going to try it," said P——, pointing to me.

"Oh, indeed," observed the sexton; "may be it suits *his* complaint;" and he went back to help the organ builder.

"P——," said I, "when Boswell brought Johnson to Edinburgh, numbers crowded to see the philosopher whom Boswell showed off. When one of the Erskines was quitting the room, he quietly slipped a shilling into the hand of the latter. 'Here, Bozz,' said he, 'here's a shilling for seeing your wild beast.'"

"Well," said P——.

"Only this—I beg you won't be showing me off as a wild beast to every one we meet; or if you do, that you'll get the shilling--that's all, Mr. Showman."

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVAL PORTRAITS.



HE three hydropathic doctors, who are more to Malvern than the three Kings were to Brentford, have each had their portraits lithographed, and from the window of the bookshop and the bazaar, and even from the walls of the inns, they seem to bid for the possession and management of the visitor's body on his arrival.

With whiskers silkily curled, sitting by a table, and serenely musing, the "Great Original," Wilson, seems intrepidly to assure the invalid and hypocondriac of a cure. Standing up with arm a-kimbo, pert and pragmatical Dr. Gully appears to push himself forward, and say, "I'm your man—try me:" while Marsden, who unites homeopathy with hydropathy, may be said to have a mezzotint manner between both, and looks from his frame upon you as intently as if he were listening to your case. Had I not previously decided I should, even from this survey, have pronounced for Wilson and his curled whiskers, upon whom, after seeing the church, P—— and I proceeded to call.

DR. WILSON'S ESTABLISHMENT.—MY CONSULTATION CALL.

The house, which occupies a beautiful site below the ancient Abbey gate, may be called from its noble appearance, its great extent, and tall columned façade, a Hydropathic Palace. I was told it cost, building and furnishing, some £18,000, and is surrounded by handsome pleasure grounds, where the patients lounge and promenade. As P—— and I came up, several of the latter were about: some were going for a ride on horse-back, others in mule carriages, and some on donkeys. P—— took upon himself to ring the bell, and altogether acted for me as though he were taking a person to a lunatic asylum. I will confess I was somewhat nervous; and as I saw through the plate-glass door the servant—a grave-looking man in black—appear to answer our summons, my instinct for a moment was to run clean away. We were shown into a small, handsome waiting-room. Dr. Wilson, he said, was not at home, but his partner, Dr. Sturmes was, and he went to inquire when he could see us.

P——'s first encouraging words, when we took our seats and the servants left us to ourselves, were, "What a funk you appear to be in; you look quite pale." I confess there were occasions in my life when I felt easier. 'Twasn't going into the place I cared so much about, as that I apprehended a difficulty in getting out. "Set your mind at rest upon that point, at least," said P——, who is a solicitor, and with provoking gravity, added, "if they want to detain you here in the wet sheets longer than you wish, write to me, and I'll get

you out quickly enough with a Habeas Corpus—I can have it down in one day from my London agent, and served the next upon Dr. Wilson.” I thanked him, but said to stop payment would be a simpler way to obtain my liberty.

Persons passed in and out; house-bells rang, and twenty minutes had now elapsed, yet I saw no more of the servant and heard no more of the doctor. P—— rang again, and by way of beguiling the time, told me he once rushed, when raging with a tooth-ache, to Cartwright, the great London dentist, for the purpose of having the tormenting molar extracted. His knock at the door was answered by a footman, who handed him over to another person, who introduced him to a third, who he thought was Mr. Cartwright, but only proved to be his *secretary*. This functionary on learning his business, looked over several pages of an engagement book, and finally informed him that Mr. Cartwright would be prepared to attend to him on Thursday at one—it was then Monday noon! rather a remote appointment for a man raging with the tooth-ache. But Mr. Cartwright was the fashion—and fashion which eventually enabled him to retire with fifty thousand pounds—did not allow him a spare ten minutes until Thursday. P—— was about to apply this story to my case, when the servant opened the door, and conducted us to the doctor, who received us in a handsome room, tastefully furnished with books, pictures, &c., and greeted us with a pleasant welcome in a foreign accent.

“Sit down, gentlemen,” said he, “sit down.” We

took the proffered seats, and the doctor immediately began a survey of P——'s face and figure, taking him manifestly for the invalid, and indeed, upon the whole, he looked of the two more like one. The error was corrected, and he turned his attention to me. He felt my pulse, and, having popped out my tongue, I next employed that unruly member to give the catalogue of my symptoms and complaints, which I don't mean to trouble the reader with. Suffice it to say I was very soon interested in the frank and unmysterious manner in which he communicated my case to me. He used no technicalities, familiarly discussed the matter with me, and explaining all the circumstances, appealed to my common sense, so that I appeared to prescribe for myself. In the life of the eminent Dr. Andrew Combe, of Edinburgh, his biographer and brother, says—

At the time Dr. Combe entered the medical profession, it was common for practising physicians simply to prescribe medicines, and to lay down dietetic rules, to be observed by their patients, without explaining to them the nature of their maladies or the *rationale* of the cure. Blind faith and implicit obedience were required of them. He early adopted the practice of addressing the reason and enlisting the moral sympathies of his patients, in every case in which this appeared to him practicable. He preferred the intelligible co-operation of a patient in the measures necessary for the restoration of his health, to mere observance of rules, and therefore communicated as much of the nature of the disease as could be stated without exciting injurious alarm—explained, as far as the individual could comprehend it, the process which nature followed in order to reach the condition of health—and urged on him the advantage of complying with her demands.

This was very much the plan of the water Doctor. There was no secrecy, no mystery, no grounds for suspicion. He asked my habit of life. I confessed to taxing the small morsel of brains I possessed a good deal, and business had its excitement and anxieties. He hinted at the gastronomic reputation of Bristol, obliquely glanced at its turtle imports, and courteously suggested the possibility of my occasionally indulging in a three-course dinner, of which the aforesaid amphibious luxury was a part.

I admitted that I did not always decline the "goods the gods provide me."

"In fact," said P——, interposing, "he had better be plain with you, Doctor, for I contend that a man is a fool to conceal any thing from his physician or attorney, when he comes to consult him. My friend here should tell you that he dines out on an average four times a week."

I contended it was not more than three; but even three shocked the Doctor, who wished to know how, under these circumstances, I could expect to be well. He then proceeded to explain to me the connection between the brain and the stomach—how they reciprocally affected each other, and when one was overworked, it re-acted upon the other; and this he illustrated by placing each at the end of an electric telegraph—one was Liverpool, the other was London, say—the sympathetic cord (I think he called it) supplying in the human frame that which the wires represent in the scientific machine. When you overwork the brain, this conductor

causes the stomach to be affected ; when the stomach is overworked, it re-acts through the same medium on the brain. In my case he delicately hinted (for he was too gentlemanly to be abrupt), that I overtaxed constantly either one or the other, and it was not surprising that though an Athlete in frame and constitution (he surveyed me admiringly as he paid me this compliment), I felt the effects.

Little versed in either physiology or pathology, this plain view of the case appeared to me singularly rational, and I began to think I had been committing slow but deliberate suicide by good dinners for the last ten years. Much more he said in confirmation of his principles, and the application of the water cure, which I need not give.

P—— asked about the use of tobacco.

The Doctor said it was bad, and put his fingers into a large silver snuff-box, which P—— at that moment pulled out.

I noticed the inconsistency, and remarked upon it.

The Doctor laughed—'twas a weakness of his, he said : and the snuff was Hardham's " 37."

P—— questioned him on the use of physic against disease.

" 'Twas feeding your enemy," the Doctor said, " and he was sure to stay in your body as long as he was fed : better starve him out."

I suggested a better simile. Disease that got into your body was like a foe that threw himself into a friendly town ; you might batter him out with showers

of pills, vollies of draughts, but you'd damage or dismantle and weaken the town—*your body*—in so doing: better sit down before the town and starve the enemy, who would eventually have to march out without a drachm of calomel being fired at him.

We had taken up enough of the Doctor's time, and a tap or two at the door told us that others were waiting, so he took leave of us, having first asked us to come and see for ourselves, by dining with the patients at half-past one. We accepted the invitation with alacrity, and as the interval between then and our hydropathic meal was not long, we determined to spend it in a kind of perepatetic meditative ramble amongst its invalid population, which were then crawling about like worms in the noonday sunshine of its promenades.

THE HYDROPATHIC DINNER.

Exactly at half-past one P—— and I applied for our dinner. We were shown into the drawing-room, which, as I said before, is a splendid and richly decorated saloon, in fact, some ninety feet long, the windows at the end opening out in a crescent, on a terrace which commands a view of the wide Severn vale. Numbers of ladies and gentlemen were seated or gossiping round in groups. There was no one to receive us, and we were not announced, so we did what most people I suppose do not to appear awkward, when they are suddenly launched into a room where they know no one, commenced an interesting and earnest conversation between ourselves, though we were yawning in each other's society for the previous half-hour. I noticed that the

company wore easy dresses, just as they had come in from "a stroll or a stride," and it was with some mortification I looked upon our precise black coats and jet polished boots, for the truth is, we had habited ourselves for dinner, and, as Madame Dudevant says, nothing looks so stiff as a dress coat amid the *dégagé* costume of the country. Dr. S., who soon after entered, and made us out, noticed this, and told us that the conventionalities of costume were not observed at a half-past one o'clock dinner; we were to look upon ourselves as in an hospital of hydropathic patients, where ease and comfort were chiefly consulted. There were no introductions either, but people, if they were not very rigidly English in their manners, soon became acquainted.

Here that

"Tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell,"

pealed away in the hall, and, following the company, we found ourselves in a very fine dining-room, even larger than the drawing-room. An immense long table, capable of seating from eighty to a hundred, traversed the whole length of the apartment, save some portion at the top, where a billiard-table stood.

Unless at a public banquet, I never sat down with so large a company. An East Indian Colonel presided at the head of the table, and our friend the Doctor at the end, close to which, as last comers, conformably with the rule of the house, we took our places. It was an animated sight to glance up that long line of snowy table cloth, glistening with cut glass decanters of water,

and presenting on either side faces of every form and fashion—the brown Indian officer, the bearded guardsman, the bilious barrister, the over-fed alderman, the dyspeptic old bachelor, the fair young lady, and the fussy old one. In fact, I should say the young ladies were by no means the minority; and save that some of them looked a little blanched with the ceaseless cold bath—overwashed, as P—— said—they had pleasant handsome faces on the whole. Six bright-eyed houris, whom you would sooner expect to meet in Mahomet's heaven than in a hydropathic hospital, sat opposite us, without a single male patient between to break their beautiful succession. There was a novelty in finding oneself thus suddenly confronting six lovely strangers, near enough, were all parties so inclined, for that

Quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
Which Moore calls the twopenny-post of the eyes.

But the viands—they were sublime in their very simplicity, and refreshing enough to cure a town crammed diner-out, to whom “the delicacies of the season” and racking visions of dyspepsia are synonymous. Demosthenes' prescription for an orator was, I think, “action, action, action,” the Hydropathists' prescription for an invalid (from the prospect of the board now before us) would seem to be “mutton, mutton, mutton”—nothing but mutton—diversified, it is true, in the different forms of legs, loins, and cutlets—but still mutton—mutton everywhere—and this with dishes of vegetables plain boiled rice and macaroni equally unsophisticated, formed the repast. “Shall I help you to mutton?”

said Dr. S., bowing to P——, and holding his knife in suspense over that swelling, gushing point of a roast leg which seems, in its very tempting protuberance, to call you to carve it. “If you please,” said P—— aloud, then aside, but audible to all our neighbours—“Will I have mutton? Indeed, if I had not mutton, I should like to know what else I could have here—’tis Hobson’s choice—the only margin of selection is between a leg and a loin!” P—— delivered this with such natural earnestness, jerking back the breast of his coat (a habit of his), and pulling out his large silver snuff-trunk, that he set the six young ladies laughing all in a row, while at the same time there was a sort of nervous apprehension expressed in their faces lest he was a patient for incipient insanity, for they whispered together, which whispers, from subsequent knowledge of the place and society, I can now easily guess; for as soon as ever a new-comer appears at the board, the first question the old patients in his neighbourhood asks is, “Who is he? (or she) and the next “what’s his or her complaint?” Now these two points were, I have no doubt, the subject of their subdued communications—“who we were and what was the matter with us.”

However, unheeding and unconscious of their curiosity, we proceeded with our dinner. P——, under the notion that he was to acquire health for a whole year from this one meal, and by way of giving variety to the meat (which by the way was admirable and cooked to a “t.”) partook of every vegetable, &c., offered, until he had cauliflowers, kidney beans, potatoes, rice, and macaroni,

all garnishing his mutton. "P——," said I, "you are eclectic." "Yes," said he, "if there's a virtue in any of them, I can't miss it now." But he soon gave up, and indeed I myself made but a poor hand of my meal, not that it was not a very good one, but we had made a meat breakfast at half-past ten, and at half-past one we lacked the vigour to strike home into a thick cut of mutton. But it was different with our patient neighbours; they had breakfasted at eight or half-past eight o'clock on bread, butter, and tea, and had been climbing hills and using Douche Baths during the interval: so they set to, like so many giants refreshing themselves. It would do your heart good to see how they cut and came again to leg and loin. No dainty woodpeckers were the young ladies; no nonsense there—they worked with knife and fork like Amazons, while looking as delicate as lillies of the valley. The six young beauties in front of us had two stalwarth helpings each, and of boiled rice they consumed enough to raise the price of that salutary esculent at Patna. P—— had now abandoned his knife and fork, and the intervals when he was not covertly watching the progress of the patients' dinner, he employed in vehemently drinking cold water, with all the desperate patience of a martyr. I remonstrated with him on his excess: but his answer was characteristic, "You'll be here," said he, "for probably three weeks, and can take your time at getting cured, but I must crowd into one meal all the salutary effects of a fortnight on mutton and water. I must get all the good I can to-day," and he swallowed another tumbler. This confirmed our fair neighbours (for having taken

the keen edge off their appetites they were enabled to watch us slyly but leisurely), in the belief of my friend's eccentricity, and having lost none of his odd speeches, they appeared marvellously amused with us both, and, as I afterwards learned, they wondered what on earth could be the matter with two people who came there apparently to laugh at the treatment.

Rice, Simoline (I think it is) and Tapioca puddings succeeded the mutton, and were set upon with the same vigour. No cheese followed—thanks were returned by a clerical patient, and the company rose after three quarters of an hour's séance: some betaking themselves to the drawing-room, others to lounge about the grounds, and some retiring for a short nap.

Having received and accepted a renewed invitation to tea at seven, P—— and I departed. We walked some distance, too much occupied with our thick-coming fancies, our ponderings on what we had just witnessed to speak to each other. P—— was the first to break the silence.

"I feel light," said he, thoughtfully, patting his waistcoat.

"I am not very heavy myself," was my reply.

"And yet," he continued still reflectively, "I don't feel hungry." And then followed another pause, when he added, "Yet I thought once or twice a glass of sherry would have been an improvement. But we'll have one at the Belle-vue—*Tisn't natural*."

"Not a drop," I interposed; "you shall say for once you dined without wine—make a trial."

“ Well, I agree with you,” said he—“ let us give it a fair trial. Depend upon it, this, after all, is the way to be healthy and wise. The world’s mode of living is preposterous. Mixtures and spices and wines are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see, you take at a dinner party soup (say turtle), a glass or two of lime punch, perhaps ; turbot and a rich lobster sauce, with, it may be, say, an oyster paté, or a sweetbread, to amuse yourself with, while the host is cutting you a slice of a Southdown haunch : this, with jelly and kidney beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or sauterne are added : a wing of a partridge, or the back of a leveret, solaced with a little red hermitage, succeeds—then you at once ease and chill your heated stomach with a piece of iced pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of noyeau, or some other liqueur : if you are not seduced to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are certain to try a bit of Stilton and a piquant salad, and a glass of port therewith. A desert, port, sherry, and claret fill up the picture. Now I ask you,” he continued, warming with his description, “ if this is not about the routine of the majority of dinner parties one goes to : one man may give ox-tail for turtle, or another venison for mutton, but such is the usual order. Let you take all these things—soup, punch, turbot and lobster, paté, haunch, and sweet sauce, partridge and port, jelly, ice, and noyeau, and instead of putting them into your stomach, throw them all into a basin, infusing a couple

of glasses of champagne to make them ferment, and what a noxious-looking mess you'll have."

"Stay, stay P——," cried I, "the picture is not pleasant."

"But it is true. 'Twould kill an ostrich, you'd say, to eat them all mixed together—yet whether you mix them before you eat them, or after you eat them—in a basin or your stomach—provided the same conflicting ingredients are there, what difference does it make? Depend upon it, until modern dinners are altered, there will be no health—the man, in fact, who asks you to a dinner party, instead of being your friend, is your mortal enemy. He makes a hospitable attempt on your life."

I could not help thinking there was something irksomely true in what he said: our present outrageous system of eating and drinking is equally opposed to physics and ethics. We are shocked now with the details of a Roman supper in the Augustan age—in the palmy days of a politic and elegant people; and no wonder, when the sagacious and refined Pliny pronounces a feed of fricasied sucking puppies a dish fit for the gods, when snails (but this is even a French fashion in our days) were fattened with care for the table: peacocks or cranes, stuffed with green figs were accounted an imperial dish: the cook who dressed the paps of a sow with skill, was the subject of Martial's praise, and the Plautii and the Varii, at their princely feasts, served their Patrician guests with removes of water rats. But I doubt if the single dish served by M. Soyer at the

York Banquet was a wit more rational in composition, while it was as extravagant in price. That eminent artist has sent me a circular letter, with his compliments, containing an account of this phenomenon of Gastronomy, and the inventory is as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
5 Turtle heads, part of fins, and green fat, costing	34	0	0
24 Capons, the two small <i>noix</i> from each side of the middle of the back only used, being the most delicate parts of every bird .. costing	8	8	0
18 Turkeys, the same ,	8	12	0
18 Poulardes, the same ,	5	17	0
16 Fowls, the same ,	2	8	0
10 Grouse ,	2	5	0
20 Pheasants, <i>noix</i> only ,	3	0	0
45 Partridges, the same ,	3	7	0
6 Plovers, whole ,	0	9	0
40 Woodcocks, the same ,	8	0	0
3 doz. Quails, whole ,	3	0	0
100 Snipes, <i>noix</i> only ,	5	0	0
3 doz. Pigeons, <i>noix</i> only ,	0	14	0
6 doz. Larks, stuffed ,	0	15	0
Ortolans from Belgium ,	5	0	0
The <i>garniture</i> , consisting of Coxcombs, Truffles, Mushrooms, Crawfish, Olives, American Asparagus, <i>Croustades</i> , Sweetbreads, <i>Que- nelles de Volaille</i> , Green Mangoes, and a new sauce costing	14	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£105	5	0
	<hr/>		

It was, we are told, no uncommon thing at the Roman banquets to take an emetic in the midst of the entertainment, to enable the "human hog" to swallow more

victuals. But disgusting as the idea is, if we indulge in the Roman gluttony, we ought to have recourse to the Roman relief; but the mischief is, that while we overload ourselves like the ancient, we revolt from all artificial means of aiding overtaxed nature.

CHAPTER III.

TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR.



EARLY on Tuesday morning P—— left Malvern. "Come back," said he, putting his head out of the fly window, "before they wash you quite away; and when you become better acquainted with the six young ladies who sat opposite us, tell them not to eat so much rice."

It was settled that I was to "go into the house," (what a Poor-law Union phrase) after breakfast, so at eleven o'clock I followed the Boots at the Belle Vue (carrying my portmanteau down to Dr. Wilson's) very much in the state of mind the Illustrious Stranger might have been supposed to be in, when walking to his own funeral, for now I was left to my own faith and fancies, and felt inclined to make my escape back to Bristol.

Dr. Wilson had arrived from London the night before, and into his reception room I was now shown, to get a second medical overhauling. He was as like his portrait as could be—the lithographed whiskers were a fac-simile to the minutest curl of the natural ones. He was dressed in a showy morning gown, and sitting on a

sofa near a gigantic plaister copy of Bailey's Eve. Books, pictures, &c. surrounded the walls. His salutation was free, off-hand, and assuring, and before many minutes I found he was a clever, bold talker, and a man of the world. One short sharp glance, in which he seemed to look through my body at a water-colour of Mount Vesuvius that hung against the wall—a glance at my tongue, and a feel of my pulse, was all the examination he required to tell me my case. I was "a Hercules overworked" (how encouraging)—I wanted a pause from perpetual excitement—I wanted to have some time when I would not know what to do with myself—some leisure to yawn—nothing was the matter with me beyond the disarrangement attendant on a person overtaxed. A fortnight there would "build me up." I need not tire myself climbing the hills, or walking too much—I need but lounge about, and take it easy."

"Then," said I, "Doctor, all you think necessary is that I should have the shoes knocked off, and be turned out for a fortnight's run in the paddock."

'The world is too much with us, soon and late,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.'"

I further told him that cold water was no stranger to me, for I had been for years in the habit of using the shallow bath every morning.

This, he observed, with so much confinement, was probably the reason I was even so well as I was. I "*let heat*" every day (and we might *let heat* as we *let* blood), and this was so far for a time a relief to the body. "At twelve o'clock," he continued, "go to your

room, and your bath-man will give you a dripping sheet, and then in the evening, at five, you will have a lamp bath—I'll give him instructions."

I was about to go, for I could hear by the sound of voices, that others were waiting in the ante-room; but he told me not to be in a hurry, when changing the subject from myself to general matters, he talked about politics, the corn laws, and the church question, with force and singular freedom, and on the whole he was so off hand and racy, that I thought if he'd sink the water drinking for an evening, and let me drop down to his room for a bottle of '20 Port, which I fancy he has somewhere put away out of patient's sight, I could not have a pleasanter companion for a couple of hours.

In adverting so often to my case and complaints, I am not foolish or egotistical enough to fancy for a moment that they are of the slightest importance or interest to the reader: but I could not illustrate the mode of treatment, or the mode of living under Hydropathy, without alluding to them, and these allusions will be as few as possible.

THE DRIPPING SHEET.

At twelve I went to my apartment, which contained, besides the ordinary bedroom furniture, two baths made of sheet tin, an ordinary large bath, and sitz-bath.

I had barely time to undress, and was not allowed leisure to feel nervous, when the executioner—I mean my bath-man—appeared, a good-humoured looking fellow, about thirty, with a wet sheet slightly wrung out of the cold water in his hand, and this he abruptly

popped over my head and body, the latter warm from the weather and a walk, causing a shock less than the shower bath, but infinitely more agreeable. Without taking away your breath, it made you breathe short and quick, and the cold dripping-sheet in contact with your warm skin, was at once stimulating and refreshing, while the action brought on by the rubbing (for you and your attendant rubbed lustily away), was rapidly accompanied by a glow of heat. The process was over in five minutes, and the sense of lightness and clearness, both in body and spirits, which I felt as soon as I had dressed, made me at once in love with my first experiment. The spray from the wet sheet, as the bath-man, who had some fancy, observed, was precious as a "shower of pearls."

There is nothing I fear more than misleading others by misconceptions of either the effects or intentions of the water-treatment in all its varieties. I am not pathologist enough to explain its *rationale*, and I do not write my adventures for the purpose of inducing others to go and do as I did. I only relate how they served me, without pretending to explain the principle. If people wish to try hydropathy, let them understand that I neither persuade them to, or dissuade them from it. These papers, while a record of what really occurred to me, were never intended for a more serious purpose than to afford a few minutes' amusement. To free myself then from any responsibility, I have brought with me from Malvern Dr. Gully's book, and from it I shall write his account of the operation of the various

kinds of baths : but you will remember those are the words of a water-doctor, and you must read them keeping this fact in mind, and, above all, if you try the system, you must do so upon your own responsibility, not upon mine, though so far as I am concerned I conceive it did me good.

Well then on the subject of this same dripping-sheet, Dr. Gully, amongst other things, says, while describing it to be "the first of those appliances of the water-cure which act by stimulating the nervous and circulatory system of the body"—

The dripping-sheet is generally used as a preparative process for the skin, if that organ has been hitherto unaccustomed to the impression of water below its own temperature ; and the shock is considerably modified by the attendant friction. The blood vessels of the skin contract in the first instance, and subsequently relax, admitting more blood into their calibre ; a double action, which is reiterated by the friction, until a good amount of blood is fixed in the skin, to be maintained by subsequent exercise. But besides this, stimulating impression is made upon the myriads of nerves of animal life spread over the skin, and derived from the brain and spinal cord, modifies the circulation in these last, and, through them, affects the vital energies of the viscera. It is in this manner that it takes off languor, gives alacrity to mind and limb, clears away intellectual and moral cloudiness, at the same time that it generates appetite, removes thirst, &c.

There's an off-hand eulogium on the dripping-sheet for you, which if it only does half what Dr. Gully declares it will do, is worth the whole pharmacopœia.

Your first impulse after you have had the dripping-sheet is to start for a walk. Leaving the house for a

visit to Saint Anne's Well, I passed some ladies and gentlemen talking to one of the patients at the entrance. They were evidently strangers, and must have been asking an explanation as to the possible ailments of some of the inmates, who looked robust enough. I suppose my appearance puzzled them for the same reason, for before I got quite out of hearing, one of the ladies asked of their hydropathic friend—" *What can be the matter, for instance, with that gentleman?*" I was upon the point of turning round and saying, "*Crossed in love, ma'am!*" when I thought it might not be as good temperedly received as intended.

It was high noon, the roads were sparkling in the sun, and dotted with invalids, so that I had a good opportunity of getting a melancholy synopsis of the
SICKLY SUPERANNUATED SOCIETY OF A WATERING-PLACE.

When Northcote, the painter, was verging towards eighty years of age, and felt that his dissolution was not far distant, he complained that life lingered about his body too long, and said, "*It was like keeping the lamps lighted in a church after the congregation had left it.*"

I am always sure to think of Northcote's saying when at a resort of invalids: as I pass on its pathways, and walks, and pleasant drives, old or outworn seekers after that health and strength which have long left them, and for ever. 'Twas the same at Malvern—you met people old and yellow, and shrivelled, and sapless, with the lamp of life kept lighting—barely a flicker, which each cold breath threatened to blow out, but still lighting in the tenement of flesh after the congregation had left it,

and when the use of the senses, the power of thought and enjoyment had quitted it, and the body had become a lodging—a mere shell—for the vital spark to smoulder in. I suppose if I were in the same state of decrepitude, I should have the same instinctive clinging to existence as strongly on me as they have. I would probably hoard up and guard with care and caution, like a miser, that poor morsel of painful vitality left me; but as it was, in tolerable health myself, and looking at them creeping along, I could hardly understand why they sought with such toil to hold together that frail cage, the body aching in every joint, and thus to confine to earth, when it ought to be in heaven the ethereal spirit that now like a drooping bird fluttered round the bars of its sickly prison, but which, if liberated by the breaking of the cage, would soar aloft, take its sublime flight to the empyrean, and, instead of being the fellow guest of perhaps some mortal disease in a feeble body, would mount amongst the stars, and know the grand secrets of God's universe.

Weigh its spread wings at leisure to behold,
Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide,
In circuit,
With opal towers and battlements adorned,
Of living sapphire—
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude.

But no; it is not our nature to long for the spirit's glorious liberty, which is purchased by death. See that thin, cadaverous, cloaked figure, walking, cane in hand,

feeble of step, racked by phthisicky cough, full of suffering and sickly years, and who tottering up and down the terrace in front of the Belle Vue, is trying to catch heat from the sun, which can hardly strike warmth into his aching bones : see him, I say, and ask him if he is willing that the lamp, which flickers in him, should be extinguished in this world, to be relumed with a light surpassing that of the sun in another, and how he will shudder at the thought, recoil from it, as though the damp cold of a dark churchyard vault had struck a chill to his heart. No ; he goes on husbanding the miserable pittance of vitality that seventy and seven years and sickness have left him, as though it were the strength and vigour, the sap and greenness, and joyousness of youth, yet in death that spirit may become young again, and, instead of the sad snail's round through which the feeble body daily drags it, it might cleave its path, as if with angel's pinion, amongst the glittering worlds of space. "To fear death," said Socrates, speaking on the verge of another world, "is nothing else than to believe ourselves to be wise when we are not, and to fancy that we know what we do not know. In effect nobody knows death : nobody knows but it may be the greatest benefit of mankind. And yet men are afraid of it, as if they knew certainly that it was the greatest of evils." Knowing by Revelation we know more of it than the illustrious and enlightened Pagan knew, we still experience the same revulsion to the "great change," that men did in his days, and it is not many who even call themselves Christians who meet its approach with the

composure that he did when addressing his judges, after they had condemned him to take the hemlock, and as he was about to retire from before them, "Now it is right we should betake ourselves to our respective offices: you to live and I to die. But whether you or I are going upon the better expedition is known to God alone."

THE DINNER.

There was little or nothing new to notice in the dinner of to-day. The same Patriarchal refection of roast mutton sent forth its incense as soon as the covers were removed—the same antiphlogistic or farinaceous dishes of rice and maccaroni were laid along in rows, and the same decanters of diamond water "sparkled on the board," like so many bottles of brilliants in solution. Left alone to my own resources, I commenced forming an acquaintance with my neighbours as quickly as I could and, as they were all pleasant and friendly people, I had no difficulty in doing so. I saw, however, that there could be no true confidence between us until they knew my case, especially as my appearance encouraged the unpleasant suspicion that nothing was the matter with me, and that I only came into the house to laugh at other people, and that they themselves and their maladies might be the object of my mirth. I therefore at once stoutly said that, notwithstanding appearances might be against me, I was a martyr to bile and dyspepsia. A good-tempered though saturnine-looking parson opposite sighed out with a sigh that came from his own sufferings, that that was the badge of all his

tribe; and the affliction seemed to come so surely with the black coat and white neckcloth, he began to think with King Richard that

“For this amongst the rest were they *ordained*.”

I said I certainly could not help remarking that there were more clergymen at Malvern to my mind than of any other profession—I met them in such numbers at the wells and in the walks.

My clerical neighbour said that generally, he believed, this was the case, but it was particularly so now, for the acerbities and agitations attendant on the Gorham case had stirred up the bile so extensively amongst the cloth on all sides, that they had all flocked to watering-places to wash it away. “Neither the Privy Council, nor Harry of Exeter,” he said, “had any thing to do with his complaint, but he believed both had shaken the health of hundreds.”

“But not of the hierarchy,” interposed another gentleman. “I saw the Bishop of Worcester to-day, and there was no appearance of atrophy there.”

“I should think not,” said a third. “Bluff Pepys was never sore disturbed, though he was smartly tried the other day. Never remarkable for politeness, he made it a point to be particularly rough to all the Conservative clergy of his diocese when he came down here. He thought this was the duty, if not of a Christian, at least of a Whig-appointed Bishop, the brother of a Liberal Lord Chancellor. A gentleman who had a small living in the diocese and a large property, called at the Palace some time since to pay his respects. The

name was not one in favour with the Bishop, so as the visitor was shown in, his blunt salutation was, 'What do you want?' in a tone that quite put up the spirit of the other. 'Nothing from you, my lord, but civility; and since that is not to be had, I wish you good morning,' and out he walked."

THE LAMP BATH.

Punctual to the stroke of five I proceeded to my room, and had not many moments to wait before my bath-man made his appearance to administer "the lamp," which was to lead to more wonders than even Aladdin's. Having undressed, I took my seat on a chair with a footstool of open wood work. A slight fencing or paling, about twenty inches high, and like a little clothes horse, was placed round the chair about a foot from it: a series of blankets spreading over this fencing, but drawn close to my throat, were then put round me, until I formed a kind of marquee, shaped like the letter A reversed, always bearing in mind that my head was free. The blankets, in fact, formed a tent, enveloping the chair, and to which the patient served as a poll, the little clothes-horse or paling helping to keep the drapery clear of the lamp, which was placed under the chair, and lit as soon as I was ready. This lamp was a tin vessel, containing about four ounces of spirits of wine, which was set in a blaze. Placed as I was, the heat had full play round my body, but could not escape, closely packed as I was round the throat. As you may easily imagine, I was excessively hot, and for two or three minutes I felt as though I were more

likely to roast than melt. A horrid thought suggested itself to me, as I thus sat like a Pythoness on a tripod, or a fish-kettle with a smart flame under it—was any body ever burnt in the Lamp Bath? The man coolly said he only knew of two instances, and these *occurred at another establishment*. My sensations became still more hot and arid, and I began to think of Ridley and Cranmer, and a martyrdom in singed blankets, without the slightest eclat; when suddenly, as though it could bear no more, the skin opened its pores like so many flood-gates, and I ran like a shoulder of mutton before the fire, or a candle held over it. It was no moderate moisture—it was a torrent, and as it fell from my forehead on my nose like rain, it tickled me terribly, but my hands were under the blankets, and I could not help myself. My bath-man looked on me in these, my first melting moments, with the eye of an artist. “It’s coming beautifully,” he said, with rapture: then placing a glass of cold water to my mouth, he told me to take a few “swallows to prevent my boiling over,” as he pleasantly termed something more than a gentle simmer. I now felt delicious, and instead of recurring to Hooper and Ridley, my reminiscences became classic, and as I serenely and softly dissolved away, I thought of Seneca, as he languidly repeated the lines, while his life-blood flowed away in the warm bath—

“Anima blandula

Hospesque comesque.”

I had leisure for whims, so I asked the bath-man to be kind enough to let me look at myself in the glass.

He complied : it was a fancy he said which most gentlemen, and indeed ladies were seized with when in a similar situation. As he held the mirror up to nature, what a spectacle I presented : I wish I could have been painted as I then appeared : I looked like a pyramid of blankets, with the Sphynx's head at top profusely perspiring under an Egyptian sun. I was now about ten minutes over the lamp, like a sort of human urn bubbling away to a blaze of naphtha, so he removed the blankets, and told me, melting as I was, to jump briskly into a great cold bath that stood in the corner of the room. I did as I was bid, though at any other time I should have thought it deliberate suicide—madness itself—an act of insane self-destruction. Not satisfied with this plunge, he popped about six gallons of cold water clean over my head. I then came out, was dried with a sheet, wrapped in a blanket, my feet rubbed, and after this I dressed and went forth for a walk,

“As brisk as a bee, and as light as a fairy.”

Now, good reader, having been told the routine, listen to a few words on the *rationale* of this same lamp bath, from our friend Dr. Gully, who, I should tell you, says that “if there be one process of the water-cure more easily abused, and therefore more dangerous than another, it is the sweating process :”—

In this process (he observes) the excitation of the whole nervous system, and of the circulation, is produced by accumulated *heat* applied to the surface ; and although in this it differs from the douche, which excites by the incessant application of *cold*, the result upon the functions in question is pretty nearly the same. The douche, however, implies the greater amount

of visceral energy, since the excitement is a reaction on the immense and rapid withdrawal of heat from the surface, and on the *indirect* stimulus thus afforded; but in the sweating process, the *direct* stimulus of heat is applied to that surface, excites and irritates the nerves of the skin, that excitement and irritation are conveyed, by sympathy, to the brain and viscera, and both then labour to drive blood towards the skin sufficient to force and supply a copious perspiration. By virtue of this exciting action, the sweating process is rightly esteemed one of the most effectual means of rousing *torpid* and *obstructed* viscera into activity, by throwing an immense amount of irritation on the exterior surface, and thus leaving their functions in better state to be enacted. Hence it is especially useful in the *turgid and congested conditions of the liver*, whether those induce *indigestion* with jaundiced skin, or *gout*, or *rheumatism*, or *dropsy*; in all these it acts by rousing the circulation, calling a great amount of blood and excitement to the surface, and thus producing derivation in favour of the obstructed viscus * * *

An essential sequence to the sweating process is a cold bath, either the shallow bath, or the plunge or douche. The object is to restore to the skin the tone which it has lost, for the time, by the direct application of heat, and by the excessive play of its function in sweating. The water should therefore always be cold: and for another reason. It is desirable to make an impression on the centres of the nervous system, in those maladies in which the sweating process is proper, and this is most effectually made by the impression of cold on the skin at the moment when it holds an immense amount of heat, and is ready to transmit quickly and precisely the stimulus of the cold: the brain, meanwhile, having been put into a position to receive and readily react upon any such impression on the extremities of the nerves of the skin. The result of the impression and reaction is an amount of light and exhilarating feeling, that cannot fail to act favorably upon the parent mischief, and is at the same time a symptom of its relief. I will not stay to answer

the very old and long-exploded objection to the application of cold water when the skin is damp with perspiration, procured in a *passive* state of the body. Old ladies of both sexes, who have never seen it employed, hold by the danger and destruction that attend it; but their opinion may be profitably exchanged for that of persons who, like myself, see it done every day with no particle of danger, and with considerable benefit.

In some places the sweating process is accomplished by shutting the patients in a room heated to 140° of Fahrenheit, but as they thus breathe air of that degree of temperature, it is considered by no means as good as the hot air bath, with the exclusion of the head. A gentleman at Malvern, who had just come from another hydropathic establishment near London, kept by Germans, gave me an amusing account of this part of the treatment there. After they came out of the "fiery furnace," as he called the hot room, they were plunged into cold baths, and one of the great objects of the German doctor, when he got his patients into this bath, was to induce them to kick and toss about; and that they might be the better encouraged to do so, he superintended this operation himself, when he would get quite excited, and cry out at the top of his voice to the patients—"Now, vill you kick, Mein Herr—kick away, like de bricks—kick like donner and lightning—kick, kick, kick—kick like the vera debil!" and these frantic cries and calls to exertion, you would hear him shouting for a half-hour together, running from one bath-room to the other like a madman, raving in broken English.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HYDROPATHIC "TEA."



Packing.*

Y first evening in the house was celebrated by a ball; however, justice and modesty require that I should inform the reader that this event was not intended as a flattering compliment to the writer; for such entertainments are frequent, and fortune and the fiddlers favoured me.

The earliest intimation I had of the approaching festivity was at tea, when the full-dress appearance of the ladies and gentlemen—the peculiarly gauzy effect, especially of the fair sex—warned me of coming quadrilles.

But, before I go farther, let me give an account of my first tea. The table was laid as at dinner, but down the centre, instead of dishes, &c., were great loaves of household bread on wooden trenchers, water bottles, vessels of butter, and tureens of treacle—some patients had tea, others milk, others chocolate, others water, but all had bread and treacle! My town-tastes revolted against this black luscious fluid: but I was alone in my antipathy, which I very soon got over, for on all sides the sweet stuff was being consumed in quantities that

* The pipe in this picture is apocryphal. Dr. Wilson does not allow piping and packing at the same time: but the artist in his fancy having inserted the pipe, I did not like to "put it out."

would have delighted the heart of a molasses merchant. The society of the house was a sort of St. Ronan's Well society—every class who could afford to pay for wet sheets and water was represented there: titled Ladies, Baronets, Honourables of all genders—troops of tall Guardsmen, squadrons of Colonels and Captains—the learned professions, all but Doctors, while manufactures, ships, colonies, and commerce, sent their quota from seaport and smithy. But all, however different their condition or adverse their occupation, consumed treacle in appalling quantities, until I thought they had much better call it the treacle than the water treatment. We all slopped it up like so many workhouse children—the Guardsmen ate their way through awful slices of “household” dripping with it—it fell in dull amber drops from the moustaches of greedy Indian Colonels—’twas dear to the old dowagers as long wist with three-penny points, and those aerial lovely creatures, hazy in gauze and white satin shoes, like sylphs, were very gluttons in their consumption, and prepared each for the light polka on a plateful of molasses, and as much bread and chocolate as would do a moderate family by their own firesides.

“Another cup of tea.” said a young lady near me.

“You must ask the Doctor, Ma’am,” said the servant whom she asked for it, “for I have orders to give you only one. ’Twont suit your case.”

“Good gracious,” said I, warmly, with chivalrous indignation, “Is it possible we’re in a land of liberty, and that they won’t give you a second cup of tea?”

"I suppose," was her patient reply, "there is no use in our coming here to be cured if we don't do as we're bid. The very servants here are a sort of medical staff, and exercise a salutary surveillance over you, even at the tea table. Little as you dream of it, every one of these men who stand behind our chairs know our cases as well as the Doctor. They sometimes remind me of the Paris police, their knowledge is so secret and sure."

THE HYDROPATHIC BALL.

Beyond the seventy or eighty patients in the house, I think as many more visitors attended the ball. A German band at the upper end played some fine introductory music, while the decorated character of the apartment, the dresses and ornaments of the ladies, and the bright lights in which the place abounded, made one unable to believe he was in a water hospital, or that those lively young ladies and brisk gentlemen were each carrying about with him or her some ailment.

A quadrille struck up, and I was soon introduced to a partner, having for my vis-a-vis a male case of latent gout and a female one of chronic hysteria. The particular ill to which my fair companion was heiress I could not ascertain, though I tried, considering that I might do so without rudeness, since she did all she possibly could to be informed about mine. We discussed with a primitive simplicity and candour, which in a Hydropathic Hospital is quite natural, the nature of the various baths. I told her about the dripping-sheet, but expressed a decided preference for the lamp bath; the Douche, however, was her delight, and she descanted with rap-

ture on the delicious excitement of having a hogshead of water shot through a pipe in sixty seconds on her sylph-like little figure. But the miseries of wet sheet packing, when she was wrapped like a cream cheese in a moist napkin, was so touchingly told that I grew quite sick at the prospect of this dreary process on the following morning. The quadrille had hardly closed when a cabalistic signal from a bath-woman who just peeped in at the door, deprived me of my interesting partner, who was carried off to some one of the numerous water-treatments which her case required. In all outward appearances the ball differed little from the assemblies of Bath and Clifton—a large well-lit room, and a large and fashionable attendance, and dancers, so animated that a stranger would never dream it was a congregation of invalids he saw flashing before him. Ices, water, and confectioned wafers and sponge-cake steeped in the Hay-well, formed the refreshments; no vision, however, of sherry, pale or brown, met the eye, though I confess I could have welcomed even a glass of negus, “that wishy-washy compromise,” as Lord Byron calls it, “between the potency of whisky-punch and the propriety of pure water.” At eleven o’clock Dr. Wilson, whose curled whiskers I saw just before careering through a waltz, gave some signal to the chief musician, and the band struck up “God save the Queen,” which was a duplicate intimation for the visitors to depart and the patients to take their chamber candles, having exceeded by more than an hour their usual time for retiring.

As I stalked to bed I felt singularly strange; four

hours of excitement and not a drop to drink. My sense of personal lightness was painfully extatic: I lacked that slice of tongue, and that wing of fowl, and that *genial* moisture which give a man gravity, and sober down that too nervous buoyancy which a ball upon water and sponge-cake and ices produce. I felt so nervous I could not sleep. I was excruciatingly awake, and so fidgetty and restless that I almost longed to be covered with a chest of drawers to keep me quiet in bed.

THE PACKING IN WET SHEETS.

I don't know what I was dreaming about, or whether I was dreaming at all, when a noise of opening and shutting of doors and a jingle of water-cans in the landing, where my bedroom lay, awoke me. It was about a quarter past five, and the bath-men and women were commencing their labours. Door after door opened, splash after splash was heard in the various rooms, and I lay awake, listening and waiting for my turn, much in the frame of mind Ulysses might be supposed to enjoy when Polyphemus was cooking his companions before him, having kindly promised to "*eat him last!*" At length the next door to mine was opened, and I knew 'twould be my turn in a few minutes: the few minutes passed, the handle of my lock was turned, and in walked my bath-man, with bare arms and clattering water-cans. "I'm come to disturb your rest, sir," said he, spattering a quantity of water into the shallow bath. "This, I believe, sir, is your first packing—you'll find it a nice cooler after the ball."

"The deuce I will," said I, "it's too cool I am. If

you could get something to make me hot 'twould be more in my way ; but what am I to do ?”

“ Get up, sir, if you please.”

So up I got and stood shiveringly observant of his proceedings as he stripped my bed to the mattress. On this mattress, he spread four or five blankets in succession, and then a wet sheet, slightly wrung out of the bath. On this sheet, which extended to the bolster, I lay myself down, my head on the pillow, and ugh ! what a chill it sent through my frame as the fellow wrapped it round my warm body in close contact with the skin—he folded it close, tucked it in tightly, so that it enclosed me as a wet winding-sheet ; then each layer of blankets was drawn over and pressed round me in the same manner, and finally my counterpane ; until I formed a bundle of blankets with a wet sheet under all. My damp, chill, confined, pinioned sensation was for a few minutes the climax of cold misery, so that I compared myself to a mummy in a roll of papyrus, which had been rendered damp by an inundation of the Nile. Gradually, however, the heat of the body began to conquer the cold of the wet sheet—first the chill was taken off, next it grew tepid, and before the bath-man had left me ten minutes I felt deliciously, humidly warm. Presently a dreamy langour, then a soothing sleep, stole gently over me, and I became only conscious of a luxurious comfort.

For one whose sleep is restless, and racked by dreams of battle, murder, and bad debts, the first five minutes of misery you experience are nothing compared with

the requital you receive in the delicious doze eventually induced by packing, and to which the only impediment is a fly or flock of a blanket alighting on your face and tickling you, when your hands are so pinioned beneath that you cannot remove it.

I was sorry when, after some fifty minutes, the bathman came back to unpack me—to *unfold me*—steaming, foggy with soft vapour—when I felt as sweetly, moistly warm, as a melon in a forcing bed. Dr. Wilson says that, in so packing a patient, he applies a poultice to two hundred miles of tubing, for such an amazing quantity of small porous pipings we are told by physiologists comprise the surface of the human skin, to which the wet sheet is applied.

From the sheets I jumped into the bath, when my attendant, as in the case of “the lamp,” tossed a great bucket of cold water over my head.

After this I dressed quickly without shaving, and started for a smart walk, before describing which I shall give you, from Dr. Gully, the philosophy of the foregoing treatment. The Doctor’s ponderings and panegyrics under this head make far too long a story for me to transfer it *in extenso* to my papers. He shall give you, however, a few of its “glories.” After premising that the packing in damp sheets is “*directly* lowering, but *indirectly* strengthening, and reduces excess of blood in one organ, in order to send sufficient to another which has too little,” he adds, “still it materially reduces the circulation; and where that is very feeble, from deficiency

of blood in the whole body, it requires care in application":—

The novelty of such a process as wet-sheet packing past (he goes on to say), it becomes one of the most agreeable, because one of the most soothing, of all the water remedies. By it, the nerves proceeding from the brain and spinal cord to the skin, and which are morbidly sensitive in all chronic diseases, are relieved, for the moment, from the irritation of the air, and placed in the mild atmosphere of warm vapour which is made by the heat of the body acting on the moisture of the sheet. Instead, therefore, of irritations proceeding from the extremities of those nerves, spread over the skin towards the brain, this last is quieted by the temporary withdrawal of them—so much so, that the patient ordinarily *sleeps* whilst packed, and will sleep then when he could not sleep without it. On coming out of it, therefore, the nervous energy of the skin having accumulated strength by the rest thus given to the nerves, is in the best condition to re-act upon the bath which follows. Add to which, that the quietude of the brain has freed the viscera from irritations which *it* sends to them in the ordinary progress of chronic disease, and thus, they, too, are in the best condition for re-acting on the external application of cold. The whole body has been rested, its organic powers have been accumulated and it can now respond to the stimulus to be applied to its external surface. Accordingly, the shallow or sheet bath is applied immediately, at an appropriate temperature, and the result is a rush of blood to the skin, a rush, be it remarked, produced by the organic powers of the body itself, and not liable, therefore, to be followed by a reflux. This process repeated day after day, and sometimes twice daily, at length *fixes* a quantity of blood in the blood-vessels of the outer skin, and thereby reduces the disproportionate quantity which was congested in the inner skin, or mucous membranes.

Its extraordinary power in allaying irritation is one of the most curious facts of the Water Cure, and of which it is really

difficult to give a full and satisfactory rationale. When properly modified to meet the actual state of the patient, it may be said to be the most soothing application that can be administered to the external sentient surface. It may be compared in its calming effects to a poultice placed all over the body; but this is only stating a fact in other words. It carries off feverish heat, and this heat is employed in converting the moisture in the sheet into vapour; so that the patient may be said to be in a steam bath of his own making. This warm vapour settling on the skin makes it soft and moist, and is very often mistaken for perspiration; but the wet sheet, used for the purpose of reducing irritation, is not, as a general rule, allowed to remain long enough to induce sweating,—which is a directly opposite process, and intended for a different purpose from the wet sheet. But whatever be the physiological principle upon which the wet sheet acts, it will be found, during the treatment of most diseases by the Water Cure, an indispensable remedy, and one on which the practitioner can safely rely.

Being applicable where there is morbid irritation, it is an invaluable remedy in all internal and external inflammation, acute and chronic. In acute disease it is frequently changed, the patient not being permitted to remain in it longer than suffices to warm the sheet, which in fever, for instance, may be a quarter of an hour, or even less. It is thus changed several times consecutively, increasing the time as the heat is reduced, and the shallow bath, cold or chilled, follows. In this process two evident effects are produced, *an immense quantity of heat is carried off from the surface, the pulse becomes soft, and falls in rapidity.*

Among the advantages of this safe, simple, and refreshing means of reducing fever and inflammation, is that of not causing any actual loss of strength to the patient, as by bleeding and strong medicines; and, as a necessary result, it is not attended by long convalescence or debility.

But in chronic diseases of long standing, a variety of modi-

fications are called for, both with reference to the symptoms originally presented, and to those which arise in consequence of the water treatment.

ST. ANNE'S WELL.

About a quarter of a mile up the ascent, and on your way to the Worcestershire Beacon, (the highest of the range or ridge of the Malverns) is St. Anne's Well. It is situate in a ravine or gorge formed by the subsidence or meeting of two subordinate hills. It is the last habitation which the pilgrim passes staff in hand in his upward march for the summit, and its little group of mountain ash and maple are the last trees or shrubs he meets, or I believe the sheer mountain air will allow to grow. The water itself, which dribbles away into a carved stone basin at the rate of about a glass a minute, through a kind of penny whistle placed in the mouth of a pleasant dolphin, is quaffed by crowds in a little house which is half a pedlar's shop and half a pump-room, attached to a cottage where knives and forks are hired out to tourists, and kidneys surreptitiously grilled between meals for hungry patients under water treatment. Here, too, a German band, supported by subscription, play every morning at eight, when invalids slowly imbibe the pure element to an andante of Haydn's, or toss off tumblers from the "sacred rill" to a Pot-pourie of Donizetti, or the measured time of the Presburgh Polka.

After a short walk to warm myself, I hired a donkey to make the ascent. The donkeys form fully half the regular population of Malvern, and from their social

and statistical importance I shall probably take occasion, before I conclude my papers, to confer a notice upon them. There never was a more convenient or comfortable proverb, than that which enjoins a man when in Rome to do as Rome does. In Malvern every body may be seen astride or aside an ass ; the consequence is, that you have no false shame about taking an outside place on one of these patient animals to whatever point you please to go. A small fortune would hardly tempt me to ride so mounted by the Commercial Rooms of Bristol, under a flanking fire of jokes from my friends. In Malvern, however, when Peers and Members of Parliament passed you thus humbly accommodated, you felt no hesitation in following their example, since such was the fashion. As I told the boy I should ride back again, the animal was committed to my entire controul, so that from the lack of some one to urge it on behind I should have found great difficulty in the act of progress, but for a practice which prevails there. The donkey-boys returning with their beasts invariably as they pass bestow on the traveller's animal upward bound a vigorous whack, so that by these occasional contributions, and what you can do yourself in the shape of thrashing, you contrive to move on. At first I felt disposed to resent the donation as an impertinence, by bestowing a similar stripe on the shoulders of the youthful donor, but I soon discovered it was the custom of the place, and meant as a kindness. Even the young ladies with the Alpine sticks, if they see you in distress and making indifferent way, will lend you a hand, and pay you a small tribute

in the shape of a current poke to your donkey as they pass.

Though it wanted yet some minutes of seven, the Well-house and neighbouring walks were thronged with people. All who could get near the conduit were drinking themselves blue and white in the face, with fearful ardour, though the majority of them, goodness knows, from their wasted and chilled appearance, seemed more sorely in need of blood than water. As I had little chance of getting a mouthful for a long time, as two families of seven or eight were there before me, I took a turn on Nob's Delight—a walk which skirts one of the small hills hard by. Why called Nob's Delight, or whether it was a man or a class who rejoiced in it I am unable to say, because I was unable to learn, but this I know I met there on the present occasion shining like butter cups or daisies in the morning sun, nearly all the fair, bright stars of the previous night's ball. Oh, serene triumph of hydropathy: here, on the hills, at seven o'clock in the morning, were the beauties of last night's dance, the fair actors in last night's dissipation, neither haggard as needle women nor pallid as clear starchers, but blooming as roses. Anywhere else but in Malvern, the morrow after a great ball would have found them breakfasting in bed, and the tray on the counterpane at three in the afternoon, but here they were, I have no doubt, on the hills at half-past six, with their eyes outshining the mountain rill. This came of cold water, of chamber candles at eleven, and common sense in everything. You fair belles of Bath and

Clifton who read this (if indeed I dare venture to hope you would do me such an honor) tell me what you would think of taking a morning walk on the Down, even at eight, after a Master of the Ceremonies' night.

BREAKFAST.

The matin meal differed nothing from that of the night before. It was served at eight, with a latitude to nearly nine, after which no tea was allowed to be drawn. The consumption of treacle, too, was the same, and if anything the fresh mountain air had endowed the water-drinkers with more vigour of appetite. One thing, however, I now noticed, which I did not observe before : on the table immediately in front of several of the patients were small spring standard machines, like those you weigh letters with, and which now were employed to ascertain the proper quantity of bread which the Doctor allowed them to consume. It was amusing to see them snip off a bit here or add a bit there, until they had precisely fixed the prescribed 4 ozs., which was the standard of health. For my part I scorned to be fed by *avoirdupois*, and recognised no weights or measures but my own appetite. One of the most particular of the whole company, not to exceed his share by even a scruple, was a very fine looking man, who was there (as I learned) for the sole purpose of preserving his figure, as he fancied he had a propensity to get fat ; and for this end he packed, and douched, and lamped, and stinted himself in a manner I would not have endured for the sake of having the symmetry of the Belvidere Apollo.

CHAPTER V.

AN ANOMALOUS CHURCH.—MY MISTAKE.



THE incident I am now about to relate is told a little out of place, for it occurred on the Monday previous to P——'s departure.

My companion proposed we should visit Little Malvern church between our hydropathic dinner and tea. Malvern Minor is distant from Malvern Major some three miles or so. We made the journey in a mule car—a pleasant, light, whisking, little vehicle, indigenous to the place. The afternoon was fine, and the driver communicative. On the roadside, and not far from the lesser village, we passed a snug, picturesque, well-built Gothic lodge or house. It was erected by the Roman Catholic squire, Berrington, of the parish, for the priest of his communion, for there is a Roman Catholic chapel here, and no inconsiderable number of the population, and several of the gentry, are of the “old faith.” Carved in the spandrels of the door of this same house was a Latin inscription, which, spiritually rendered, ran thus—“There is nothing you can do which is more agreeable to Heaven than providing a snug lodging for the parish priest.” As if to illustrate the legend his reverence

stood in the doorway, after apparently a very comfortable dinner, placidly toying with a tooth-pick, and looking almost too lazy to indulge in malice against the passing heretics. The worthy man of rosaries, thus planted in the gothic porch, was quite a picture of mediæval unction and repose. As it was not a fast-day he was suggestive of a boiled leg and a bottle of crusted port, with turnips and caper sauce, sketched into the back ground.*

As we were within sight of the turnpike, a couple of hundred yards beyond which is the church of Little Malvern, our driver advised us to dismount and walk through the gate to save the toll. "But why not go near to the gate?" said P——. "Because, Sir," answered the man, "if we go nearer we must pay even though we should not pass through." Upon this, the demon of litigation laid hold on my legal companion, for you might as soon expect an Ethiopian to change his skin as an attorney to forget or forego his profession, even on a pleasure trip. There was no law for any such capricious rule, he declared: so he told the driver to approach nearer, as he was resolved to "try the case."

As we expected, the man at the gate demanded the sixpence. "Show me your authority," said P——, looking up at the toll-board, "I do not see it there set down that people are to be charged for *not* passing through."

The man, awed by the sort of Coke-upon-Lyttleton

* A "boiled leg and trimmings" is the orthodox and standard dish of the Irish priests, and I hope in these anti-papal days it may not become unpopular in England.

look of my friend, who boasts an old acquaintance with these highly respected and greatly to be lamented individuals, as well as with the revered and ever-to-be-deplored, because departed, Blackstone—confessed he had no higher authority for the demand than the oral instruction of the clerk of the Ledbury trust.

“And upon these grounds,” exclaimed P——, with a Nisi Prius look and tone of interrogation, “you demand toll from me?”

“Yes, Sir,” answered the man, hesitatingly, manifestly afraid he was committing himself or subjecting his employers to an action.

“Did you ever hear of Hampden?” demanded P——. Pike-man (frightened). “No, Sir.”

P——. “Well, then, did you ever hear of King Charles?”

Pike-man. “He as lived in the tree, Sir?”

P——. “No, his father; he who lost his head.”

The Pike-man. “Yes, Sir—oh, yes,” with an alacrity which proved this was too marked an incident in history to have escaped him.

P——. “Then do you know how he lost his head?”

The Pike-man said he believed Cromwell cut it off. His information, however, only extended to the fact generally; why his Majesty was subjected to decapitation he could not say.

“Then I’ll tell you,” said P——, “because, like you, he tried to levy money when he had no right to it.”

“Lord!” exclaimed the Pike-man, at first frightened, but the next moment, recollecting his fears were foolish, *he laughed at them.*

I believe, however, P——'s legal manner was so impressive that the man would not have insisted on the money (which in truth an absurd custom alone gives him "a right" to). Nevertheless P——, who conceived he had more than sixpence worth of fright or fun out of him, paid the toll, and we passed on.

The old, half-ruined church of Little Malvern lies in the field to the right, some hundred yards or so from the road,

"Just peeping from a woody covert near," as Booker in the Guide Book tells you. It was originally a little Priory for a few Benedictine monks, founded towards the latter part of the fifteenth century by two hermit brothers, Joceline and Edred, who retired from the world to eat pulse in this picturesque spot.

We wished to see the interior, and were waiting by the little rustic gate that leads from the road to the fields, for some one to come up, from whom we might obtain information as to the residence of the sexton, when a Roman Catholic priest (his garb was too manifest to admit of mistake) passed. I hesitated to ask him, as I thought it was hardly delicate to question one of the "true faith" as to the mode of getting admission to a heretic church: but P—— had no such scruples, and the priest civilly enough gave us the required information. Close to the church, and only separated from it by a low wall through which there is a back-entrance, stands the pleasant residence of the squire Berrington. At this entrance the priest told us to knock, and "some one would come out to show us the church." After

repeated knockings at the door, this some one presented himself in the shape of the gardener, key in hand.

I called Little Malvern church a half ruin. I may say it is three-parts a ruin. It was originally cruciform, with side aisles, transepts, and a small nave. Not a trace of the nave is left, and the side aisles and transepts are broken walls, enclosing luxuriant crops of nettles, and only saved from being eye-sores to the landscape by being scantily clad by some ivy that, as if in pity of their nakedness, appears to have crept up from the ground to cover them. A few irregular windows whose stone mullions had been picked out from the fragments of the fallen aisles and reset, as if in studied contempt for the place, in the roughest masonry, give imperfect light to a rude and cheerless interior, in which the only objects of interest are some old stalls and misereres, like those in Great Malvern, and the remains of a carved screen: There are, however, many mutilated vestiges of ancient monastic usages to call forth the conjectures of the ecclesiologist, and amongst others a sort of oblique, narrow opening or window, from the exterior into the chancel. This I fancied, for I had never seen one before, was what is called a lychnoscope, or aperture through which, as I proceeded to describe it to P——, the priest looked into the church on All Soul's night, in order to see that the candles were kept lighting to show the passing souls from purgatory to Heaven.

"It is no sich thing I says, sir!" exclaimed the sexton-gardener, with startling vehemence, and getting suddenly white in the face with indignation. Not being

at all, I confess, confident in the accuracy of my own antiquarian knowledge, I stopped short in my description, thinking his anger arose at my Vandal ignorance.

"It's no sich thing," he repeated, "this is the way the Catholics have been always scandalized and misrepresented by the Protestants. Man and boy I have been forty-five years a Catholic, and I never heard of any sich thing you tell of. The candles are not used for anything but to represent glory, and not to light the souls out of purgatory, indeed. That's the way the Catholics are always belied!" and the man kept muttering his indignation, and walking towards the door, as if he intended to leave us in undivided possession of the place.

I began to fear I had made some sad mistake, and that we were really in a Roman Catholic chapel, but a glance at the plain communion table, without oruament or candlestick reassured me. P—— was clearly under the same impression for a moment, and he set about appeasing the wrath of the indignant gardener of the "true faith." He told him he had not the slightest doubt but that I was wrong and he was right. "My friend," said he, "has a weakness for explaining things, he knows nothing about. It is one of his delusions to fancy he understands ecclesiastical architecture, and in the indulgence of this vanity he has hurt your feelings, but I assure you 'twas never his intention to do so."

I reiterated the assurance, and having, by our joint apologies consoled this indignant splinter from the rock of Peter, which so suddenly struck fire at my innocent

words, P—— proceeded to mildly ask for some explanation. “Were we in a Roman Catholic chapel?” He would excuse our asking the question, but it was so unusual to be shown over a Protestant church by one of a different faith, we apprehended we might have mistaken our informant, when we understood it to belong to the Anglican Establishment.

The man said it was a Protestant Church, but formerly it belonged to them, when it was a monastery for holy men; it was, however, taken from them, and to make the wrong greater, his master, Squire Berrington, who was a Catholic, was obliged to pay for a parson to say prayers for the Protestants. “But it was always the case,” continued the angry and injured gardener, bursting out once more into a passion at the recollection of his own wrongs, his master’s wrongs, and the wrongs of all his fellow worshippers. “The Catholics were always persecuted. They would not be allowed to keep a horse at one time worth more than five pounds.”

“My good friend,” said I interposing, “The Protestant public do not allow me to keep an animal of even that value, and I don’t think myself the object of great wrong.”

However the man would not be joked out of his sense of injury into good humour, and he proceeded to descant on the crying iniquity of compelling a Catholic squire to pay a parson for Protestants, until I was disposed to ask him whether his master had anything in return for the fifty pounds he paid the poor curate for reading service here: and I elicited from him, though

he cunningly wanted to keep the fact in the back ground, that his master had the whole tithes of the parish, some of his ancestors, at the time of the dissolution, doubtless getting possession of the Priory. I could not help smiling at this specimen of Catholic wrong—a wrong which left an uncommon good profit on the side of the wronged party, who, when he deducted the fifty pounds for the curate, carried to his own account no trifling balance—an injury to which I for my part would be only too happy to be subjected. Indeed, the gardener, after all his blustering about his wrongs, and his master's wrongs, and his fellow Catholics' wrongs, looked I fancied somewhat "small," after he perceived we saw the matter in its proper light.

That Squire Berrington is very much of the same mind as his gardener, I have no doubt, for, with what I cannot help thinking is an absence of good taste, he does nothing for the building that he can avoid doing, and perhaps does not even do all that he might by law be compelled to do, if he were sharply looked after. For the day's hire of a common labourer he might clear away the nettles, and the rank weeds and rubbish that defile the place, and earn for himself, for a couple of shillings, some claim to liberality. But no; everything about the poor, wretched, mouldering building, says, as plainly as though he had stuck up a notice to that effect—"I, Squire Berrington, Catholic, since I can't help paying the curate, will not spend a halfpenny more than I can help on the Protestant Church, even though it is in the midst of my own grounds, and I get its revenues."

But I am mistaken—the family have lately laid out some money in the interior, namely, in the putting up of monumental or sepulchral brasses, with Popish inscriptions, as ostentatiously inscribed as if it were intended to insult the feelings and convictions of the Protestant worshippers: such as, “Pray for the soul of so and so Berrington.” “The Lord have mercy on the soul of so and so Berrington.” “Jesu mercy, Mary pray;” and these not (mind you) of ante-reformation date, but inscribed and erected apparently within the last year or two. Now, speaking off-hand, I am of opinion that any one who went to the trouble of instituting proceedings against the Squire, could compel him to erase these parts, as clearly opposed to the spirit of worship within; and the questionable taste which induced a man to take advantage of his peculiar situation to offend Protestants, by setting up these brazen images before their eyes, deserves no forbearance: especially as the patron makes no amends for this licence by liberality in other respects.”*

* I call Mr. Berrington the patron, for some one informed me he was so; but, being a Roman Catholic, I can't see how he can present, for as well as I could collect from Stephen's (Blackstone's) Commentary, the following appears to be the law with respect to Livings, the Patrons of which are Roman Catholics:—In a *Quare Impedit*, with one exception, the patron only and not the clerk is allowed to sue the disturber. The exception is in the case of the presentation to such benefices as belong to Roman Catholic patrons, when by the several statutes 3 Jac. 1, c. 5; 1 W. and M., c. 26; 12 Anne, st. 2, c. 14; 11 Geo. 2, c. 17, a remedy to be sued in the temporal courts is put into the hands of the *clerks* presented and the *owners** of the advowson. By the statute of 12 Anne, st. 2, c. 14, sec. 4, in particular, it is provided that, *besides* the actions of *Quare Impedit*, which the universities, as patrons are entitled to bring, *they or* their clerks may be at liberty to file a bill in equity against any person presenting to benefices belonging to Roman Catholic patrons which by the several statutes above enumerated, are according to their several counties vested in

After showing us over the church, the gardener was walking off without any gratuity, having manifestly not recovered his temper after my essay on architectural antiquities ; we, however, ran after him, and as Cardinal Wiseman in his manifesto says he does when he goes to Westminster Abbey, "*paid our money.*"

As we left, we met a troop of young ladies with Alpine sticks and "uglies" advancing. The faithful gardener, however, had had enough of heretics for one day, so as soon as he saw them he did as his patron, St. Sinanus, did, *ran* away from the fair ones, and bolted the back door behind him.

On the road we met a milkman, and asked him for some information as to the anomalous state of things we had just witnessed. He could not, however, throw much light upon the matter ; all we could elicit from him was, that the Berringtons, who owned the whole of the parish, had collected a little Catholic colony about them—that he himself was a sound Protestant, but that he had strong suspicions that the Reformed principles of our friend the Turnpikeman were fast giving way before repeated assaults from without.

HOW THEY SPEND THE INTERVAL BETWEEN BREAKFAST AND BATH TIME AT THE HYDROPATHIC HOSPITAL.

Perhaps this is the most difficult thing of all to ex-

**the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge*, to compel a discovery of any secret trust for the benefit of Papists, in evasion of the laws whereby the right of advowson is vested in those bodies. 11 Geo. 2, c. 17, compels a discovery as to whether conveyances of advowsons were made bona fide to a Protestant purchaser for the benefit of Protestants, and for a full consideration, and without these requisites the conveyance is void.

plain, for every man or woman followed their own whim, without any set or prescribed course of action, from nearly half-past nine to eleven, which is the second fixed hour of the day for bathing. There is not time to go upon an excursion, or walk, or ride, of any distance, so some read in the drawing-room, or sit in the drawing-room without reading—some play a dozey game of billiards—some loiter about in the sunshine of the lawn, or sit or read in wicker chairs, or gossip in groups, or lounge across the road to the Hay Well, and slowly distend themselves with water, or do in fact anything or nothing that comes into their heads, without subjecting them to the effort of thinking. The pagan description of the employment of the sleepy souls in the meads of Asphodel was, in fact, a picture of active life, compared with the mode of spending the hour and a-half between breakfast and bath-time at a hydro-pathic house. To Thompson's *Castle of Indolence* you must look for a description of that delicious dozy, desultory interval, when the sun and the patients are both out—a dreamy haze rises from the orchard valleys around, and creeps languidly up the hills—the beds of mignonette, breathe oppressive perfume, and the bees sing you half asleep—

A listless climate made, where sooth to say,

No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Follow the poet's picture a little further, and you have us as, in morning gown and slippers, we sauntered out to fill our eternal Graffenburgh glasses at the jet—

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped,

That in the middle of the court up threw

A stream high spoutin' from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew,
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted drew.

Our easy indifference and independence of one another
 —every man and woman doing or going, sleeping or
 sitting as he or she liked, Thompson also appears to
 have depicted with as much fidelity as though he were
 a fortnight at Malvern—

Though of these endless numbers swarming round
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray;
 Not one oftimes in view was to be found,
 But every man strolled off his own glad way.

* * * * *

“Their only labour was to kill the time” until the
 sound or signal of the thundering Douche baths were
 heard to awake us up once more from ennui to expecta-
 tion and excitement.

But of these dashing Douche Baths I must defer to
 speak until next week, as I have already exhausted my
 allotted time and space.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOUCHE BATH.



Douche Bath.

SEE you are down for a Douche to-day, Sir," said my bath-man, after my second morning's packing, looking at the little diary or memorandum book which each patient gets on entering the house, and in which the Doctor writes the routine of treatment for two or three days together.

The Douche goes on from eleven to twelve (noon) and at this period the patients congregate on the lawn, at the end of which the Douche Baths are erected. They are a row of some seven or eight wooden houses, about the size of cottages, and at the top of which is an immense reservoir of water, supplied by pipes from one of the mountain springs. The newly-arrived patient, who is not yet made acquainted with the place, is astonished (when at the appointed hour he joins the promenaders in the lawn) to hear, from time to time,

from these tenements, frequent thundering splashes and torrents, of about a minute to a minute and a half in duration. It may be too, that an occasional shriek of nervous delight, now heard for a moment, and now drowned in the rush of water, reaches his ear, to tell him of the half-frightened, half-extatic feelings of the subject then undergoing the operation.

In wicker chairs around the grounds, sat the paralytic and the lame, and the halt, while walked about in easy loose dresses, ladies and gentlemen whose ailments were of another class than those of the limbs—all, however, like the crowds at the porches of Bethesda, were waiting for their turn of what might really be called the troubling of the waters. Seven or eight could only be accommodated at a time, so when there were some forty or fifty on the list of expectants, the competition for the next vacancy, the next call to the douche sheds, was often as great as though it were a good living in the church. As they walked about, however engaged in conversation they might be, they seldom or never lost sight of the rows of doors, within which the water-dashing was going on, each hoping that the next signal would be for him or her. I was making myself as entertaining as I could to two of my fair "mutton-eating" neighbours, who were as merry as grasshoppers in the sun, when a douche door opened—I expected the cabalistic summons from my water-man, but a bath-woman instead held up her finger. "That's for me," cried each of my fair companions nearly in the same breath, and both started off across the grass; one of them was

admitted, and her waiting-maid followed with a bundle of dry sheets, comb, brushes, &c. The door closed, and I was left to continue my promenade in solitude, or to ruminate on the damp fact that the next splash that broke the sunny silence of the luxurious hour, would also, in all probability, break like a water spout of diamonds, a "shower of pearls," on the shining classic figure of my fair young friend.

Two or three more ladies, and several less romantic cases of lame gentlemen, were after this admitted, and my fair young companion, rosy-cheeked with excitement and wet glossy black locks, more dangerous to man in their sparkling humidity than the lion's mane moist with dew drops, had emerged from her douche, ere I was signalled. My patience, however, was almost instantly rewarded: my attendant appeared, raised his hand and beckoned me across. "Is it your first?" asked my fair friend of the wet locks, as I hurried by her. I answered yes. "Then," said she, "prepare for a shock that will give you no very faint idea of the Falls of Niagara."

To each Douche Bath there are two dressing-rooms, so that no time may be lost, or one party have to wait until the other is quite habited. From the dressing-room you descend some eight or ten feet, by a flight of steps, into a place or pit floored with open wood-work, in order that the water as it falls may run off from the feet. From the roof two large long pipes, one nearly two and the other about three inches in diameter, point menacingly down on you. According to your case or

constitution, you get your bath through one or the other, but the larger one, which is that more generally used, is capable of launching down upon the body, in a straight, unbroken column of water, one hogshead per minute, and that with such force, the fall being more than twenty feet, that when it struck me straight on the shoulder it knocked me clean over like a ninepin.

"Now, Sir," cried my attendant, opening the door from the dressing-room to the douche, as soon as I had cast off my habiliments. The stairs, the floor, and walls were yet dripping from the last victim, and the damp and nervousness struck cold and consternation to my bones, as I went *down* the step ladder with something of the fear and trembling that felons occasionally go *up* it. I cast one trembling glance aloft, and Damocles's sword, suspended by a single hair, could not look more ugly and threatening than the greater pipe with its monstrous open mouth, "wide gaping," and only waiting the string to be pulled in order to disgorge a whole hogshead in sixty seconds upon my doomed person.

"Ugh," cried I, shuddering, as planting my hands on my knees, I held my back or shoulders up to meet the coming crash, as Hercules is represented when sustaining the world. "This is taking up arms against a *sea* of troubles;" but I said no more, for the man pulled the string—a momentary rush, like a thunder-storm, was heard above me, and the next second the water came roaring through the pipe like a lion upon its prey,

and struck me on the shoulders with a merciless bang, spinning me about like a teetotum. Again I returned to the scratch, inclining my back a little this time, and taking it obliquely as like a cataract the strong column broke in foamy splinters upon my body, and all but beat me to the ground. I felt like one who fought a great sea monster, the crash of waters creating a din around me that quite justified my fair friend's simile about the Falls of Niagara. For a minute and a half I remained under this water-spout, buffetting fiercely, until the cold column had cudgelled me as hot as a coal—aye, black and blue too; but, good gracious, what a glorious luxury—a nervous but still ecstatic luxury, that made you cry out at once in terror and rapture. The two douches at either side of me were going at the same time as mine, and I could hear in momentary scratches, even above the roar of waters, broken shrieks of “Hail Columbia!” from an American gentleman in one, who was thus trying to get vent for his wild ecstasy; while nervous screams of delight plainly indicated that the occupant of the other belonged to the fair sex—probably one of my mutton-eating bright-eyed neighbours. “Rule Britannia” was far too slow to afford escape for my excited feelings, otherwise I should have thought it a point of national honour to have shouted out in competition to the gentleman of the New World; as it was, I had to content myself with yelling the wild Irish war whoop of the O'Donoghues, which, as Cowper, the poet, declares there is no sound in nature inharmonious but the braying of a donkey, did well enough.

My sojourn under the spout being but ninety seconds took up of course less time than my relation of it. As soon as the torrent ceased, which it did instantaneously on the attendant letting go the string, I rushed dripping, but as warm as a toast and as red as a lobster, up the stairs into the dressing-room in the first instance, and in the second into a dry sheet, which the bath-man held wide open to receive me: and oh, what a glow of generous heat, combined with a bracing buoyancy of nerve and feeling, suffused itself over me. "What a splendid reaction, Sir," said the attendant. "My dear fellow, don't flatter," said I, "or my felicity will be too great; my almost uncontrollable tendency at this present moment is to jump over the moon, or fight and conquer single-handed one thousand men." I subsequently attempted to give Doctor Wilson some idea of my delightful, pugnacious propensities on the occasion. "Oh, aye," said he, "I understand. It was that devil-may-care feeling which a man has when his nerves are in tone—you had a sort of desire to break windows or do any kind of mischief, without malice."

Looking back over the several items of the water-treatment, I may now say that, the prime luxury of all was the Douche Bath. The inventor, had he lived in those days, would have drawn the prize which the ancient potentate offered for a new pleasure. It stimulates, it invigorates, it warms, and gives you for the time the vitality of a thousand men. While I was dressing, the American gentleman from the next room shouted out to my bath-man, "Is this the gentleman's first?"

I assured him that it was. "Then," cried he, "you have tasted the greatest luxury in life!" And his opinion was shared almost by every one else—the men delighted in it, and the ladies literally revelled in it—they seemed, from their ecstatic devotion to the Douche, as though they could almost have lived in it.

On re-appearing on the lawn, I was congratulated on my novitiate by several who, with dripping locks, were "walking up a warmth."

In the Douche (says Dr. Gully) the stimulus afforded by the repeated changes of water is very great, for the water is pouring incessantly upon the body, and therefore is incessantly changing. By this, too, a great amount of heat is withdrawn from the surface. And instead of the friction of the hand employed in the shallow bath, there is the stimulus imparted by the weight of a column of water falling eighteen or twenty feet, and varying from one inch to two inches and a half in diameter. Besides this the water is made to fall upon the back and along the course of the spinal cord, when it is used for producing a constitutional change; although it is also applicable as a topical remedy. The whole result, then, of this incessant change of water, of this withdrawal of heat from the surface, of this weight of falling water upon a sensitive part of the body and along the course of the spinal cord, is to bring on an immediate and great reaction of the nerves of organic and animal life, and consequently of the circulation. After a shallow bath this reaction is only obtained after more or less exercise, and is by no means to the same extent; but after the Douche, the pulse is immediately quickened, the nervous system roused and excited, and the skin reddened and warmed. Hence, it is one of the remedies only applicable to those who either begin the water treatment with a tolerable amount of vital energy, or at the latter end of the treatment, when by means of the other processes, they have acquired it. Applied moderately and for a short time, it is a

tonic to the brain and stomach, and derivative to the skin; continued for a long time and for weeks in succession, it goes further, and aids in rousing that constitutional tumult which terminates in a crisis of some kind. A mode of moderating the application of the Douche is to stand under it in such a manner that it shall not fall at right angles to the spine, but in a slanting manner. For this purpose it is sufficient to stoop but little. As the capability of bearing its full force increases, the angle of the contact may be made less acute by stooping more. As the chief thing to be feared in administering the Douche is the effect on the brain and heart, I constantly tell my patients, in whom there is a possibility of such effect, to allow the column to fall only on the *lower* half or two-thirds of the spinal column; and I find many able to bear this who would be injured by its fall on the portion of spine near the head, or opposite the chest. The Douche is a powerful auxiliary to the general treatment, but its use requires great discretion—a careful inquiry into the state of the constitution of the patient, and a knowledge of the pathological state he may be labouring under. It puts the whole system into a state of activity and excitement, forcing the blood to the surface, acting on the stomach and bowels, and increasing the activity of all the functions. When used at the proper time, it forwards the crisis that the system may be preparing.

A COMMISSION.

On returning from my Douche, I met a young lady patient [and here I may observe I take up the thread of my story almost literally from the entries in my diary] who begged I would be kind enough to undertake a little act of diplomacy for her. I placed myself, of course, and all my poor talents at her disposal.

“Mrs. Col. —,” said she, “has, you know, left this morning cured—[I nodded, though I really did not know of even the existence of the fair and fortunate

invalid]—and before going away she recommended me a donkey, which she has used for several months. The animal, she assures me, is a most gentle creature, and the boy attentive and respectful. Now I have been very unfortunate hitherto in my donkeys, and should be glad to secure the services of this; so should be much obliged if you would, when you go up into the village, just quietly try to ascertain the character of ‘Royal Dick.’”

I promised to do so, and let her know the result of my mission. The “Donkey ‘Change” is not far from the Bazaar, and here may be found at times as many as forty or fifty of these patient creatures accoutred and ready for work, the majority being equipped for ladies, with white cotton cloths covering the side saddles. Each animal has its name embroidered across the forehead band, and the ingenuity displayed by the owners in giving them names, most of which betoken beauty and sprightliness, is very entertaining. I can’t recollect them now, but many of them were most poetical. Of the “Royal” family I know there were several, besides the renowned “Dick,” the object of my present enquiries; and the incident from which arose the Royal prenomens is rather amusing. Queen Adelaide, when staying at Malvern for the benefit of her health, wished to climb the hills on the back of one of these all-enduring creatures. The intention of her Majesty’s wish created a great excitement on “Donkey ‘Change;” clamorous and earnest were the candidates for the distinguished honour of supplying her with the requisite

accommodation : at length an old woman, whose name I heard but forget, but who now lives retired in Worcester, was the fortunate applicant selected : at a given time she was ordered to bring round her ass, who rejoiced in the name of "Moses," to the back entrance of the Foley Arms. The Queen mounted, rode to St. Anne's Well, the old woman conducting, and on her return the royal patient, satisfied with owner and ass, ordered the former to be paid one guinea and a half—the smaller sum for the use of the quadruped, and the larger one for the encouragement of the owner. The old woman, however, threw herself before her Majesty to ask one favour more. The kind-hearted Queen inquired what it was? "Permission, your most gracious Majesty," entreated the old woman, "to call my Moses, which had the honour of carrying you this day, 'the Royal Moses' for the future." Adelaide smiled, no doubt struck with the odd incongruity of the terms, and said of course she had no objection to the old woman calling her donkey what she liked. A new forehead band was accordingly embroidered for the illustrious ass, and "Royal Moses" stood for the future upon Donkey 'Change without a compeer. The incident was nevertheless the origin of fortune in a small way to the politic old woman. All the young and old lady visitors to Malvern were anxious to be able to say on their return that they had ridden the same quadruped that carried the Queen Dowager : Royal Moses was in incessant demand : he was always going with some fair freight upon the same mission, as the King of France's

army, but not so unprofitably—namely, “marching up the hill,” and then “marching down again,” until being worked when he had grown too old to eat, he at length closed his illustrious career, but not before he had handed down his royalty to a large circle of descendants, all of which inherited his title. Of this distinguished stock, “Dick,” now named, was a scion. Donkey boys and donkey girls crowded round me when I appeared upon ‘Change, each pressing one or other of their patient companions upon my notice. I called for Royal Dick, and a lad with a light-coloured donkey came forward: the inscription on its frontlet established its identity.

“What sort of a donkey is Dick?” I demanded; “is he quiet and good-tempered?” His owner, as I expected, gave him such a splendid character that, did he deserve it, he would be fit to relieve Mahomet’s ass, which, according to the Koran or the Turks, went to Heaven with the Prophet, and remains there to carry his master back on his return to earth. Not so Royal Dick’s competitors—some said he was lazy, others that he lay down on the zig-zag walk, and perilled a precious life; but the motive of all was so transparently questionable, that I felt I was quite justified in returning and telling the lady who had entrusted me with a mission of such diplomatic nicety, that she might with great safety be content with Mrs. Col. ——’s recommendation, and secure at once the reversionary services of Royal Dick.

Of the inhabitants of Great Malvern the donkeys are

not the least sagacious class. I have really, when riding one of them on the hills, found that the animal, if left to itself, would always stand still when it came to the most attractive points of view. I don't pretend, of course, to say that an ass has any natural taste in landscape, but the custom of those who ride them to pull up at beautiful and taking prospects, has habituated the creatures to pause at these particular points, as much as to say "there's a view for you." Indeed, I suspect, if the truth were strictly analyzed, it would be found that these donkeys, taking people daily up to breathe the mountain air, have as much to do with the "wonderful cures" as the Doctors themselves.

CHAPTER VII.

WATER-DRINKING.—HEAVY WET.



HE water-drinking was the part of the treatment I had most difficulty to fall into. An excellent mayor of a certain ancient city was once examined before a Parliamentary Committee on a Water-Works' Bill. "Now, Sir," said the examining counsel, "what is your opinion of the quality of the water?" "I don't know," said his Worship, "for I never tried it; and if I did, my opinion would not be worth much, for 'tis little experience I have in the element." No more than the jolly and candid chief magistrate referred to, can I boast myself greatly on an extensive acquaintance with the cold lymph; but as it was part and parcel of the system, I set about it with the same desperate submission that I did every other portion of hydropathy. I went to the delf shop in the village, opposite the Belle Vue, and asked for a Grafenberg glass, which is a sort of a tumbler, flattened, as though you had put it into your pocket soft, and sat on it. Two new arrivals—a clergyman and his wife—were preparing themselves for the wet campaign by making similar purchases. The reverend patient

thought the glass rather small : he had evidently come to have his value out of the place and the pumps, and would have carried a bucket about with him, and swilled himself with hogsheads instead of tumblers, if it were possible ; as his impression of the treatment plainly was, the more he got of it or took the better. I wished to be good humoured, and hinted the size did not make much difference—he had only to take two instead of one. But exuberance of good humour was evidently not the gentleman's complaint ; he answered me with a thin, sour, theological look, so I paid my shilling, pocketed my glass, and walked off, convinced that this was another of the "*Exeter v. Gorham*" victims, and resolved not to joke with any more of the cloth until that controversy was quite forgotten.

The most orthodox time to drink, according to the water doctors, is after your bath in the morning. The cold of the water taken internally, they tell you, stimulates the blood vessels of the mucous membrane, and expels the blood from them, and for this reason it is necessary to imbibe some of the cold element after every bath, the said bath always causing a flow of blood for the time towards the internal membranes, to remedy which cold water is drunk and exercise taken immediately. Indeed, without these precautions, Gully avers the external processes would fail in half their good effect, or be positively harmful. Besides the early morning is peculiarly propitious for these frigid "potations pottle deep," for when the stomach is empty, and has been so for several hours, its nervous, as well as its

absorbent energy has accumulated, and the water stimulates (and water, mind you, however you may laugh, is a stimulant, though of course not *quite* as great as brandy), and is absorbed with alacrity. "When the brain has been at rest for several hours, it and the whole nervous system is in the best state for receiving stimulation from the stomach. Accordingly these conditions obtaining in both organs in the early morning after sleep, and before breakfast, that time is best fitted for water drinking, the principal portion of which should therefore be practised then."—(Gully, p. 403.)

Opposite Wilson's, on the other side of the road and at the end of a little walk, hid away under some wet-haired willows, is the Hay-well, the most abundant of the many springs that come oozing and bubbling out from the bowels of the Malvern Hills. It is a round basin, some five or six feet deep, and about the circumference of a cart-wheel, and like a punch-bowl in every thing but the potency of the beverage it contains. The Abbey clock was striking six as I issued forth, Graffenberg glass in hand, to commence my probation. I found a circle of patients already standing round the spring, all at work—the young and old, the fair and the brave—filling themselves like so many water casks. I lifted my hat to the moist company, one of whom had a tin saucepan, with a long handle, like a ladle for the punch-bowl, with which he baled from the well into the glasses of the water-drinkers. "Shall I help you, Sir?" said he, poking the saucepan politely towards me. I held out my Graffenberg, and it was instantly filled.

I noticed that they all drank slowly—sipped or sucked in the element as though it were ‘Twenty Port’ and they wished to make every delicious drop of it touch the palate before passing down. As they kept their tumblers to their faces during this process of suction, they looked like so many mutes with their noses glazed in glasses, while their watery eyes rolled languidly on one another above the rim, as though they were so many mermaids and their mates making melancholy love. Now, as I said before, not relishing water very much, I thought the sooner I got through my share of it the better, so I tossed off a tumbler full before you’d say “Barbara Lavinia.” The whole circle of nymphs and nads looked at me as though I were an Esquimaux, and the navy captain, who was bailing, put down his long-handled tin saucepan and took out a volume of Gully from his pocket, and, turning over the leaves, he said, “You’ll excuse me, Sir, but your mode of drinking water is most injurious; you ought to have taken at least five minutes to finish that glass you tossed off in as many seconds,” and he began to read from Gully some extracts which enjoined the water to be taken in sips. ’Twas very kind of him and I thanked him. To show that I profitted by his advice I helped myself to another ladle full, and passed the saucepan to a young Baronet, who must have been born when the sun was in Aquarius, so inordinate was his thirst. I sipped and supped away, timing myself with my watch; but ugh! a dismal way of drinking water is this snail’s pace suction, and I had not got half way through the

glass when the inner man began to cry out with certain intestinal grumblings as though it would protest against so gross an abuse of its natural functions, and appeal to my sense of justice not to impose so hardly upon it: it was an inversion of Mæcænius Agrippa's fable of the "Belly and the Members," for it was the former that "rumbled" its remonstrances in my case.

You never take your full quota at any one well or spring; but drink a little at every rill you meet in your mountain or roadside walks. These rills are numerous, especially on the hills, and you can see them at a long distance, flashing amongst the grass or the heather, like little threads of silver in the morning sun. From Hay-well I proceeded by devious paths to St. Anne's, which I found quite crowded: so that the marble dolphin could not dribble out water enough for half the drinkers. Still every one who could get a glass full was sucking away for his or her life. Some of the company, whom I met at the Hay-well, had preceded me, and were again at work, imbibing as earnestly as ever, with the same nose-in-glass and glassy stare as before. Gracious goodness, thought I, the people will drink themselves blue or green, until they become like so many water melons. I thought of what old Weller says of the guests at the tea party. "They were a wisely swelling afore my eyes, Sir." 'Twas frightful the quantity some of them took, for so apt are the patients to overdo this part of the treatment, that the Malvern doctors are disposed rather to moderate their propensities than excite them, and you may form some

idea of the Behemoth thirst of many visitors, when Dr. Gully, in his book, thinks it necessary seriously to say that "*in no case is it desirable to swallow the twenty or thirty tumblers before breakfast,*" which some people do. I said thirst, but I did not use a proper term, for in fact you have no thirst: who ever has a thirst for cold water in the morning, especially after going to bed on bread and tea at half-past nine the night before, as innocent of grilled kidneys as of sacrilege. No, every one you can see is drinking, as a matter of duty—no one as a matter of desire or taste. The very white cheeks and red noses of some plainly indicated excess. I met in my walks several mornings a gentleman, a patient of Dr. Gully's, who assured me he always drank thirty Graffenberg glasses before breakfast, and this was equal to more than twelve or fourteen good-sized tumbles. His idea was that you should give the inner man a bath as well as the outer. Upon this principle, I felt inclined to tell him to have the Douche turned on into his mouth.

Descending from St. Anne's, I made my way down the side of the hills to the Malvern turnpike gate on the Ledbury road, close to which is another spout, and here again I found another group of aquatic pilgrims "blowing themselves out." They were nearly the same company I had fallen in with at the Hay-well and St. Anne's, and by this time they had, I suspect, swallowed enough if well shaken to make them rattle like so many Spanish water skins, or milk-pail panniers. In fact the caravan in the desert would as soon think of pass-

ing a spring without replenishing, as they without drinking.

For my part I did my spiriting gently in this respect, and when I saw a poor whey-faced hypochondriac filling himself in solitude by some road-side pipe, I oftener pitied him than imitated his example. "I don't like water, Doctor," said a lady, who shared my antipathies in this respect; "nor does the devil either, Madam," was his off-hand reply. Wilson himself tells us in his statement of cases, that water does not swell out one as people might imagine; and in proof of this he says that he put on a tight compress round his body one morning, and went to the Hay-well, where he drank thirty-six large tumblers full of water, and when he had finished his cold carouse, the compress was as comfortable as before, and had not become inconvenient.

Enormous water-drinking, like other parts of the treatment, is not always suitable to all constitutions. Gully repudiates the indiscriminate prescription of it in large quantities in the cure of chronic disease:—

A great number of cases—of *nervousness*, for instance—(says he) depend on irregular distribution of blood alone. In such, large quantities of water are decidedly injurious—they augment the nervousness tenfold. In another set of cases—those with blood tending towards the head—they are decidedly dangerous. Again, when the patient has a very irritable pulse, and is constitutionally a person of vivid sensations, large water-drinking is rarely admissible. From three to six tumblers daily are the limits in such instances as the above; and that should be taken in very divided quantities, a wine-glassful at a time being often as much as is good. In all these cases, as well as in some of the worst instances of nervous indigestion, the great centre of

the nutritive nerves is so exquisitely sensitive, that the shock of even half a tumbler of cold water upon the stomach is transmitted to the brain, and there causes giddiness, confusion, nervous aching, &c., and this the more certainly the lower the temperature of the water. Still (he adds), as I have all along repeated, there *are* cases of *torpid, obstructed functions*, in which it is both safe and necessary to prescribe copious water drinking. In these, nothing short of considerable stimulation of the nervous and circulating systems by the cold, the bulk, and the action in the capillaries implied by the water, suffices to bring into play the conservative power of the body. But there is nothing to fear for the head or heart in such cases; the functions of both are far too much oppressed to be suddenly driven to the other extreme.

For much the same reason as in the morning—the comparatively empty and energetic state of the stomach—water-drinking in other parts of the day, should be taken three or four hours after meals, and immediately after every bath and process whatever. The canonical aquatic hours, indeed, were after getting up, about noon, at five, and a couple of glasses before bed-time.

THE COMPRESS.

I once defined this to some patients as a wet straight waistcoat, and was rewarded with a laugh. The one most used is called the “Abdominal Compress,” and is worn I may say by every one, whatever else their treatment. It is a sort of small sheet packing, being a wet cloth wrapping round the body, close to the skin, with an India-rubber covering to prevent it “percolating” through the clothes. Unless during meals, this is worn at all times by all patients. Like the damp sheets, it chills you at first, but you soon warm it; and after you

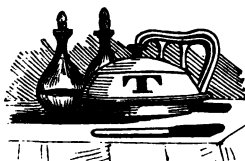
have been walking or riding awhile, it sticks to you with the heat and tenacity of a poultice. It is wrung out and refreshed with cold water three or four times a-day, or, as the case may be, oftener. This is a perpetual hydropathic treatment, and any body you meet you may put it down as a matter of course that he or she, like yourself, is steaming with moisture—however gorgeous the old dowager is dressed, at night she's in reality underneath as moist as a frog—the fair young beauty is but a water-lilly up to her arms in that element, and the currie-eating old Indian is hissing like an urn-iron in a full suit of wet swaddling clothes. Some ten minutes before dinner, you'll meet the patients on the stairs, trooping to their various bedrooms, not to "dress," but to take off their compresses, that they may have the more room for rice and mutton, and that the blood necessary for digestion may not be detained on its way to the stomach. Beau Brummell declared he once caught cold by being shówn into the same room with a "damp traveller:" of course when we were all enveloped in wet cloths, it made no difference any more than it does to frogs, in the fens of Lincolnshire; but a dry person coming to reside in a house where there are some seventy moist people moving about, does so, I can't help fancying, at a manifest peril of catching cold. There is only one thing worse—that is, being in the room with a lot of dripping umbrellas. I myself still frequently use the compress when walking, and sometimes go to sleep with it on, and never found any inconvenience, but often much benefit and comfort from

it. "Imagine," said a lively neighbour of mine one day, "a healthy gentleman making love to a young lady patient, and catching his death from cold through the damp contiguity required in popping the question." I said I could not imagine that, but I could what I had often experienced, the cooling influence of a quart of water inside, and a wet compress outside me. It is not well to let the cold air in between your skin and the compress, for it instantly chills it, and you experience for a moment a sort of fishy frigidity—

The object of the compress (says Dr. Gully) is to produce and maintain over the abdominal viscera an amount of moist warmth, which shall act as a counteracting and soothing agent to the irritation which is fixed in those viscera. Properly applied, therefore, it is a *constant* opiate to that constant irritation within, which is the groundwork of all chronic diseases. That it soothes the brain and spinal cord is shown in this, that, if freshly applied when sleepless at nights, it is as certain a sedative and narcotic as can be taken. Or let a person be wearied, jaded with walking or talking, and put on the freshened compress, he will find renewed alacrity. An invalid will also quickly find the difference between walking with and without the compress, so much does it improve the walking power. In all these cases, it acts by reducing visceral irritation, which kept the circulation in the brain and spinal cord in the irregular conditions which produce sleeplessness, restlessness, and oppression.

CHAPTER VIII.

EATING AND DRINKING.



HERE is a time for every thing, and that the eve of Christmas—the great epoch of sirloins and suet-puddings—is not the most seasonable moment to preach upon abstinence, some people may possibly think; but for the very reason alleged I contend it is the precise period for such a lecture.

Having already described the meals, I have little more to add on the routine of eating and drinking. After I had gone on for a week, however, the more than school-boy monotony of my diet began to have a most singular and somewhat amusing influence on my mind and nature. My normal tastes for bread and butter and milk began to return—a sort of hobblede-hoyish greenness stole over me—a feeling of round jackets and square caps came up once more from those depths of memory in which I thought I had for ever sunk my satchel and slate. There was something in fact about the establishment, its order, its regularity, and the control exercised over the inmates, which might be said to partake equally of the boarding-house and the boarding-school, and under the mastering glance and precep-

torial authority of Wilson and his assistants, grown-up and even grey-headed people, imperceptibly succumbed to the influence of the man and the place with a juvenile deference, which was almost puerile. For my part, I used to think I had a will of my own once; but I was only a week there, when I began to regard Wilson, when I met him, as I would a firm but pleasant principal of a great school. Nor was I singular in this—Indian generals and colonels, who sat on court-martials, and commanded divisions, and killed Scheiks by the hundred, did the same; and barristers who bullied the Queen's Bench, cringed to the water doctor as though he could give or take away health. Indeed, a gentleman told me he was in the house when Sir Edward Codrington, the hero of Navarino, was under treatment there, and that bluff old fighting bull dog, who blew Turks about like sparrows, followed the hydropathic leech with the fawning docility of a poodle. "Go-it-Ned," as the stout admiral was called, was as jolly as a sand boy amid broadsides, but he struck his colours before the first discharge of the Douche. In fact, Wilson was to us all as a schoolmaster, but disarmed of his birch.

The diet, I think, most of all brought us back to those early days when we had board and education under the same roof, and grew with lanky luxuriance out of our trousers under the combined nourishment of bread and milk, and Greek Dilectus. Young Life Guardsmen, who in London could hardly tempt their morning palate with the wing of a partridge and a glass of Chablis, cut into brown loaves like growing canibals,

and blew out their cheeks with homely "household," as if the capacity of their mouths were not equal to the energy of their appetites. I myself have been, ere now, foolish enough to test the ingenuity of the "Three Provençal Brothers" of the Palais Royal at a dejeuner, and tried the tempting shellfish breakfasts of Flanders, yet I went back again with the gusto of a raw growing youth to the bread and milk, the rice and mutton, of Malvern.

I will not say that I did not now and again sigh after the flesh pots of Egypt, and when wholesome hunger pressed me between meals, and I had no pantry to fly to, I found myself walking before the confectioner's shop, eyeing the cheesecakes in the windows as wistfully as a child who has some pocket money to spend, and can't make up his mind between currant buns and Naples biscuits. Shame of myself and a certain sheepish consciousness of being silly, alone kept me from going in and making an investment. I was not, however, equally proof against the allurements of the fruiterer. After three days' struggle, and sundry longings sublime for something more tasty than the establishment afforded, my constancy on the fourth gave way before a basket of rich Mogul plums. I bought a pocket full and retreated with my booty to the churchyard, where, with the greediness of a goul and a sense of guilt, as though I had stolen them, I devoured the delicacies in silence and secrecy. This I did every day, about an hour after dinner, until at length the woman in the shop began to identify me as a good customer, and count

out sixpenny worth of Moguls as soon as I made my appearance.

Other patients had still more savoury desires. An eminent railway solicitor, who was also in the house, and under treatment, one day came up to me as I was walking to St. Anne's, and begging me to consider his communication confidential, told me he was informed one could have a kidney dressed at the Well-house "on the sly." Just at that moment the juicy suggestion was most opportune: the round brown savoury morsel smoking hot in its rich gravy rose to my sight, and I proposed we should immediately indulge in the forbidden treat; so with the half-nervous, half-desperate trepidation of two conspirators, we stole to the Well-house, and shutting the door behind us, whispered to a young girl, in the guilty tones of a couple of horrid criminals, that we should be glad to have two grilled kidneys.

"Have you got them with you, Sir?" said she.

We answered "No; we heard we could get them here."

"We only dress them," was her answer; "gentlemen must find the meat themselves."

Here was a disappointment. The loss of a haunch would not now grieve me half so much. My heart was set on the kidney, and I had already in anticipation eaten it.

We never afterwards had the kidneys; for to buy the raw *material* down in the village was too great an effort for us. We had not energy for it.

Apropos to forbidden food. I heard from a fellow-

patient a story of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, when he was an intern of the house, which was amusing. Sir Edward is, as you are aware from his book, a great and devout hydropathist. Wilson is to him a demigod, and he is to Wilson, as the whole of us were, a school-boy. The accomplished Baronet was, it appears, tempted by some ladies in the Establishment to break bounds, and go to the confectioner's shop and buy some tarts for them, of which they promised him a share. As Sir Edward returned with his illicit errand, when near the house he met Dr. Wilson, who, seeing him put away the sweet parcel stealthily under the skirts of his coat, smelt a rat.

"What have you got there, Sir?" demanded the Doctor.

"Oh, nothing, Doctor," stammered out the author of Eugene Aram, "only a tart or two!"

"Only a tart or two!" exclaimed the other, "only a dose of poison to destroy the stomach. Throw them away this moment, Sir."

The great Novelist did as he was bid—threw the tarts over the wall, and sneaked off to report the failure of his mission to his lady friends. Now I don't vouch for this on my own authority, I only tell it to you as it was told to me.

The Marquis of Anglesey was also one of his patients, and the hero of Waterloo, who could chop up iron-clad cuirassiers like so many lobsters in their own shells, was as deferential and submissive to the water Doctor as a drum-boy would have been.

The diurnal order of diet I have already recounted. It is the most wholesome and most innocent one can have. No sauces, spices, &c., were allowed, and I never saw any other condiment on the table but the two simple and almost elementary ones, salt and sugar. Mustard, pepper, ginger, &c., were considered so much poison—made soups were heterodox—wine and alcoholic liquors were, of course, forbidden. The Water Doctor thus writes under this head with something of epigrammatic terseness:—

For a man who has appetite enough to eat a dinner of fish, flesh, and fowl, and sweets, to add to these stimulants that of four or five glasses of wine day after day, is one of the most preposterous conventionalities that social extravagance ever invented. And yet to see the *solemn* regularity with which it is done, one might fancy it was an act of superlative wisdom, instead of the state routine of an absurd and injurious custom. * * * Of one thing I am convinced, that it is less injurious to drink a bottle of wine once a week, and be sick after it, than to keep up a slow, smouldering irritation of the stomach, by two glasses of the same wine taken with stupid precision every day "when the cloth is removed."

Here's almost encouragement for you to get drunk once a week rather than dribble down two or three glasses daily.

Dr. Wilson's cook of course took care I should get nothing deleterious to eat. The next knowledge to be attained was how to eat, and what to do before and after eating. To this end a lady patient gave me the following rules, which she had copied for herself from a treatise upon diet by Dr. Wilson or Dr. Gully, and which I present, as perfectly authentic, to the reader. This I

know, I myself followed its directions daily, note for note, as a musician would a piece of music :—

1. Eat slowly and chew your food well : otherwise you leave the stomach to do the duty of the teeth, as well as its own, besides failing to mix a sufficient quantity of saliva with the food, which plays an important part in digestion.

2. Drink no *hot* liquids : *tepid* are the next best : and *cold* the best of all : in fact, unless on special occasions, all liquids to be drunk should be cold.

3. The less you drink of anything at meals the better : not because the liquid dilutes the gastric juice, as some have said, but because it gives a stimulus to the secretory vessels of the stomach, different from that of the dry aliment which is the right stimulus, and the consequence is likely to be the secretion of an improper gastric juice.

4. After eating, let as little excitement as may be proceed from the brain and spinal cord to the stomach, as it may interfere with digestion. Therefore, remain seated, if in the air, the better ; or if you move, let it be slowly. For the same reason, avoid all subjects which are a strain upon the mind : take the thoughts of others in books of easy reading, rather than exert your own.

5. Let five and a half or six hours intervene between the three meals of the day ; and let the last be a scanty one. Two hours and a half at least should elapse between the evening meal and bedtime.

6. Avoid fruits at all times, except before or at breakfast. Dessert of any kind is inadmissible. It is better to avoid tea altogether, but, if it be taken, it is safer at breakfast than in the evening, the day being before you : whereas it might make the night wakeful.

7. About two hours after a meal, especially dinner, the stomach being heated and jaded with digestion, is pleasingly stimulated by a small tumbler of very cold water taken in sips, as you would take wine. It gives a fillip to the muscular coats

of the stomach, which then contract, and expel any air that is disturbing that organ.

THE CRISIS.

You will not be long at a water-cure establishment before you become familiar with the word "crisis." It is the Shibboleth of Hydropathy—it is the turning point of the water treatment—which is desired, looked for, watched for, wished for by every body, and which shows itself in several forms, and is welcomed in all. Dr. Gully thus describes this all-important juncture in the cure of the water-patient :—

The principles and the facts of the crisis may be thus summed up :—

Whenever an organ or a series of organs, in the state of morbid excitement, which is present in acute or chronic disease, is placed by art, in a condition to cast off that excitement, the act is announced by a change in some other organ, or series of organs.

This change is a crisis.

The nature and amount of this change, as well as of the organs in which it takes place, depend on the constitution of the individual, the nature and amount of the means employed, and the part to which they are applied.

But as this change never takes place until the organ first diseased has cast off its morbid excitement, the change alluded to, *i.e.*, the crisis, does not itself relieve the former, but is a signal that it has relieved itself; in the same manner that tears do not bring relief to the mind, but are a sign that relief has been brought. It is for this reason that a crisis of some sort is desirable; it is evidence of good having been effected.

From this the reader will perceive with what anxious interest each person looks out for the particular sign in his or her case. And this sign shows itself, as I have

stated, under various forms ; but the most noted and, I believe, the most desired, because I suppose the most unequivocal, is the appearance of large water boils on some part of the body. There are other crises (and people generally believe there is no good done until *some* crisis shows itself) such as an eruption of pimples, a simple redness or efflorescence of the skin, a rash, critical sweating, diarrhœa, &c. All these are crises, but I fancy the boils are the most admired in the first instance, and the eruption in the next.

The first time I ever heard the word was the first evening I spent in the house. I was in the drawing-room playing draughts with a lady at a table round which there were several others sitting, when another fair patient entered, and bustling up to us, apparently much excited, said to my companion—

“ Mrs. —, do you know what?—*I have just had my fifth crisis!*”

“ How fortunate !” replied the other, “ you have been, Mrs. — ; I am a month in the house and have only had one, and that a poor, small, wretched, little boil, hardly worth calling a crisis.”

I stared, not knowing what to make of it ; but it was clear the announcement was of the utmost interest to those around the table. Mrs. — and her five crises was manifestly the object of the utmost envy.

“ Only think of *five!*” exclaimed the ladies.

“ You have been singularly privileged, Madam,” observed a gentleman in the civil service of India, raising his eyes from the book he was reading.

In what form Mrs.——'s fifth crisis appeared she did not inform us, and I did not inquire; but this I know, it was not visible.

I was not left long in ignorance of the nature of a crisis, though it was a fortnight before it was exemplified in my own case; but it was a household word, and more than that, a household fact, so frequently brought under my notice, that I became acquainted with it quickly enough. If a lady or gentleman showed her or himself at breakfast in the morning, with a large pimple on her or his chin or nose, or did not show themselves at all, the buzz ran along the table, "Mrs. So-and-So, or Mr. So-and-So has a crisis." The crisis accounted for every thing, and every one, for a person looking queer, or a person being absent—a person looking pale, or a person looking red. But the large boil, the boil was the thing: the patients took quite an artistic delight in beholding one, as though it were a ruby or carbuncle.

"You seem in high spirits this morning," said one patient to another, on appearing at breakfast.

"So I am," was the answer. "Do you know I think I'm getting a crisis."

"Really!—I congratulate you."

"What is that?" asked a third.

"Mr. —— believes he's got a crisis—will you be kind enough, Madam, to pass the treacle?"

"Certainly. A crisis—I wish I was like him. could I ask you to cut me some bread."

This was a fac-simile of one conversation, which will serve as a sample of several.

The perpetual crisis was a source of perpetual amusement to me, until I was favoured with one, and then I gave up laughing at it. Before this occurred, however, I amused my neighbours by telling them an interview I had with a donkey boy on the subject.

I was riding a long-eared quadruped up the hills, though the creature, as if antithetically, rejoiced in the lowly title of "The Lily of the Valley." Close behind followed my youthful running footman, and upon the principle that I should never lose an opportunity of informing myself, I entered into conversation with him.

I asked him what he thought of the water treatment?

"He was a poor boy," he said, "and could not give an opinion. Ladies and gentlemen knew best themselves whether it was good or bad. For his part, however, if he was a grand person like them, and like them could get wine and beer and cider, he wouldn't drink water; and, as it was, he seldom took any of it, since it hurt him last summer."

"How was that?" I asked.

"He had," he said, "been up the hill twice, running with the donkeys, and going down the second time he took a couple of glasses of water at St. Anne's, when a rash came out on him, and covered his body. He ran to the Doctor in a fright, and was cured, but he never since then took more water than he could help."

"Why," said I, when I heard his story, "you're a goose, boy; that very thing that seemed to frighten you—that rash, as you call it, was worth any money—'twas

a crisis : the very thing, with the hope of getting which, the ladies and gentlemen at Dr. Wilson's and Dr. Gully's are paying some five guineas a week, without being half as fortunate as you were. I see, boy, you don't know when you'r well off. I'd give myself a few guineas for that you were so anxious to get rid of."


The boy was astonished. He never dreamt before that his visitation was so valuable.

I told the story when I returned, and I must say it was fully appreciated by the crisis-seeking patients.

I have now given, under their various heads, all the information I have to offer about the water treatment, and shall probably conclude next week the account of my moist sojourn at Malvern, by making some extracts of the daily incidents from the diary, which I daily entered.

CHAPTER IX.

MY DIARY.



GOOD reader, I'd sooner stop at once, wind up my papers with the last, than that you should complain that I trespassed upon the patience, which has been so kindly extended to me. I have little more to say on the subject of Hydropathy, but there are a few incidents in my diary which might be barely worth looking at, and these I purpose concluding my series with. My diary, however trivial the events set down, is indeed a diary—not made from recollection after my return, but daily and hourly entered in a book which I bought for that purpose. Of course in such minute memoranda, the greater part is too petty to be of interest, or contains allusions to persons, which of course I should not dream of publishing.

The first few days' diary is occupied with the descriptions of treatment which I have already given, or materials for their description. I will, therefore, commence transcribing from my

First Thursday—Early morning treatment, packing in wet sheets—fell asleep in them softly and luxuriously—was told by a wag that in winter patients are sometimes frozen up in the wet packing, and lie congealed

on their beds like horizontal icebergs, when they have to be sawed out or broken up with mallet and chisel, like the exploring ships of the Arctic expedition. Of course I did not believe him. Curious that the house in winter is often as full as in summer. Just fancy walking across the frozen lawn to get a Douche. The new faces of new comers at breakfast this morning. A great Hydropathic Establishment is like all the other shifting scenes of life, you are for ever noticing comings and goings—old faces disappearing, some departing disappointed, the majority cured, and their places supplied by others. Of the new comers two were elderly gentlemen with young wives, and it is a singular fact, that nearly all the married patients are more or less mated in this way. A young gentleman, an Oxford man, at breakfast said he walked a long way this morning on the Ledbury road: on being asked how far, he answered he did not know: “he saw that he had passed several milestones, *but did not read them, as Dr. Wilson told him to keep his mind disengaged from study.*” After breakfast Douched, and after Douche foolishly fell asleep over a book in the drawing-room, but was awakened by a young lady patient practising a new song. On perceiving me (for she thought she was alone, as I was hid down in the depths of an easy chair), she apologised and said that since I was doomed to listen to her awkward trial, I should be requited by hearing one of her best songs, which she forthwith sang with the utmost good nature. I had never spoken to the young lady before. A ride to the Beacon on a mule,

and back again—dinner and a game of billiards. A walk to the Calybeate Spa and Barnard's Green. The Spa was unlocked for me. It belongs to Wilson, and I suppose is hermetically sealed against the Gullyites. They helped me to a very small mug full, but it was quite enough for me. I preferred even the Hay-well tap. Had a Sitzbath at five—a sort of treatment which any one may have at home, who is the fortunate possessor of a blanket and a washing-tub, for you have only got, like Diogenes, to sit in the one and cover yourself over with the other; you are for the time, in fact, a sort of composite character, a most unpicturesque combination of the Cynic philosopher and the Red Indian with a rug about his shoulders. The *toute ensemble* of a patient under this particular process is so anti-heroic, that it would have been a wholesome humiliation to Napoleon and Alexander the Great. After the sitz, a walk to the Wich, which is a sort of platform road, from which you saw the broad glorious landscape of the Severn vale, stretching out at your feet, slightly tinged with that soft evening warm sunset haze, which would impart poetry to a scene far less sweetly serene. Here and there in the vale you beheld at varied distances the bright blaze of the couchweed, which they were burning, leap up, while the smoke rose like a pillar between earth and sky in the breezeless air. Tea—after tea the drawing-room, which at times, with the click of ladies' tongues, especially at the end where the piano stood, was more like a macaw's cage (as an old Indian Colonel compared it to) than anything else.

Yet I don't know, if I had the power, that I would silence this Babel of light female voices — this "pretty warbling choir"—especially as they always hushed when the music commenced, and better private singing, both solo and in parts, I think I have never heard than in that drawing-room at Malvern * * * Played whist for postage stamps, and lost every rubber until I could no longer pay in paper.

First Friday.—Uncommonly like first Thursday—a very exhilarating morning walk after packing. Walked nearly to Malvern Wells. The birds more noisily musical than I had yet noticed them ; as I passed under the trees, I fancied they whistled louder than ever. An Eastern thought struck me—could they be whistling at *me*—could all this chirping be the sententious wag-gery of the feathered tribe, of which we hear something in the Arabian Tales? Could they be saying, "There goes a water patient—one of Wilson's people?" I'm sure they must, for that long jibing whistle of that bold quizzing thrush on the top branch, could mean nothing else. But I won't throw a stone at him, though I am sure he's making game of me, with my Graffenberg glass in hand.....Sat for some time in the middle of the day on my favourite bench in the churchyard, and got into a dozy, delicious, sunshiny dream of mediæval times, as I ruminated, through half-closed lids, on the old Abbey pile. By the way, not far from me is a head stone, the inscription on which, I should have fancied, was the combined composition of Drs. Wilson and Gully, did it not bear a date anterior to

either of their establishments. It is anything but complimentary to men of *medicine*, and is not a living, but a dead libel on the pharmacopæia. I copied it for you. George Mead, or Med, is the name of the departed, and he thus deploras his addiction to drugs during life:—

“Pain was my portion, physic was my food,
Grones was my devotions, drugs done me no good;
Christ was my physician, and knew what was best
To ease my pain, and set my soul at rest.”

First Saturday.—Coming in from my morning walk, flushed a covey of ladies' maids turning over the letters on the hall table, with the curiosity of their class and sex. Found one for myself. It was from Bristol, an invitation to dinner—like the memory of home to an exile, with that card came across my mind the fond recollections of turtle and three courses. But I shook off the passing weakness, and went into my Spartan breakfast, and soon forgot turtle in the present enjoyment of bread and treacle.—Another gap of old faces gone, and another batch of new faces come.

THE INVALID YOUNG LADY OF THE CHURCHYARD.

Forgive me if I turn aside one moment from the abrupt entries of a diary, to mark an incident which I shall endeavour to relate in its own unaffected simplicity.

My after breakfast retreat for an hour or so (as I think I have already stated) was the beautiful and picturesque and quiet Abbey churchyard. The second or third day after my visit, I had not been many minutes

sitting on my accustomed bench, when I saw two men enter with a young lady invalid in an arm chair, sedan like, between two poles, and deposit their burthen under the shelter of a few young trees in the north-east corner of the churchyard. They drew the poles out of the temporary fastenings in the side of the chair, laid them on the grass, placed a rug under her feet, and then left her. The sun was warm, and the air balmy, and the old Abbey, which had not yet cast out its long shadows, for it was little more than an hour from noon, seemed to sleep in the soft sunny haze. From the point where the young invalid sat, she could command the wide lovely landscape of the rich vale, with its orchards, its meadows, its dotted trees, and corn fields. My bench was some distance from her, and I did not like to intrude by even appearing to remark her. But when now and again I could unnoticed observe her, she oftener, I could see, turned her eyes to the old Abbey than to the landscape, though, upon the whole, her manner was rather that of pensive listlessness. She appeared to me in consumption, and there was something very touching in the selection of a spot which she made for the enjoyment of the sunshine and the genial air. It is true the situation was for this purpose amongst the best and most convenient, and these considerations may alone have been consulted in making choice of it. But still to a young invalid, or an old one either, the locality of a churchyard, however picturesque, must have its peculiar significance, with its surrounding memorials of that death in which disease ends. I

could not divest my mind of the belief that it was so in this case : for nearly at the same time every day that was fine and that was every day I was there, with one or two exceptions, the two men brought in their delicate burthen, and left her there in the manner I have described : sometimes they returned again for her after the lapse of an hour, but not unfrequently it was longer, There was morning week-day service at stated times at the Abbey, and on these occasions I observed she was almost invariably in her place by the little sycamores just before the bell began to ring—and a soft, old, silvery-toned bell it was, which, without sounding too loudly in the ear of the poor invalid, possibly recalled to mind associations of her own old parish church by her own home, in some other pastoral part of England. When the bell ceased she still remained, and rarely left before the Psalm was sung. It was part of the service in which she might be said to share, for the sacred melody reached her as she sat in the sunny corner by the little sycamores. And oh, if her object in remaining were to participate in the solemn strains, even though all inarticulate to her ear at that distance, how beautiful must have been the silent churchyard worship of that poor young invalid, as beneath no fretted roof her heart and affections kept time to a well-known tune, which she had probably often sung, but in which she had no longer strength to employ her lips. On one occasion I recollect it was the 91st Psalm, selected for the morning—that Psalm so full of calm reliance and comforting assurance—

He that hath God his guardian made
 Shall, under the Almighty shade,
 Secure and undisturbed abide.

There are always in a watering-place many touching objects to awake painful interest ; but I think the sight of the young, upon whom consumption had left its hectic and hopeless mark, is the most distressing of all. Though there were few days during my stay that I did not see the poor invalid in her place by the sycamores in the churchyard, and she may probably have noticed me, I never intruded nearer her almost hallowed retreat than my accustomed bench by the north side of the Abbey. My last morning, just before leaving Malvern, I visited the churchyard as usual, but she was not there. I comforted myself with believing her absence was owing to a little freshness in the air. But she may have since taken up her resting place for ever by the little sycamores.

CHAPTER X.

INVALID IDEA OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.



First Sunday.—The water treatment is somewhat modified on Sundays—that is, you have it only in the morning and at noon. Some go to Church, but as sitting in a cold building for a couple of hours does not suit invalids generally, I fancy those who usually attended were the minority. The secondary importance attached to the place provided it was comfortable was curiously exemplified to me in one instance. A military patient, who never thought any trouble too great, provided he could ascertain a fact worth knowing for himself or his friends, went round on a visit of discovery to the various chapels and churches in the village and neighbourhood, and returned with a very decided impression in favor of a place founded for Dissenters by Lady Huntington, which he recommended strongly to the various patients, and particularly to the ladies of the house, not on account of the pulpit eloquence displayed or the doctrine propounded there, but, as he expressed it, “because the individual who administered there had his kitchen

under the place of meeting, which was thus nicely warmed and kept genial and dry." One lady hinted at the schismatic character of the place, but the gallant Eclectic could not appreciate any objection on this ground, especially as the "individual who was the minister baked his own bread, and had his oven directly under the pulpit:" and the apartment was thus made comfortable, which was the first object in his opinion with an invalid. Several patients went, and when they came back, I learned that while they sat *over* the oven, the sat under "*Alderman (!) Scholefield*," of Sheffield, who preached. I was at first incredulous—an Alderman eating turtle by the tureen was natural enough, but an Alderman meddling with theology I could not understand. I subsequently learned, however, they were right enough. Alderman Scholefield was one of the ejected Wesleyan Ministers, and by way of set off for being turned out by the Conference was turned in to the Council of Sheffield by those "sharp chaps," as they are called, the "weary knife grinders" of that ancient burgh of razor blades.

Second Monday.—A newly married couple arrived this morning. I understood from a fellow patient that they were returning home after the honeymoon, and turned aside to Malvern to spend the last week of their wedding tour in a water-cure establishment. It was not so inappropriate after all. Lord Byron called the honeymoon the "treacle month," and the appearance of the table, when laid for breakfast, quite justified the title.

SMOKING.

One of my most anxious interrogatories put to Dr. Wilson was—" *Might I smoke?*" for I had been used to at least one cigar a-day, and hoped that this poor luxury would be left me, especially as I could accompany it by no potations more powerful than water, and "smoking," said a popular preacher, "is very innocent, only it is always accompanied with drinking, and drinking with intoxication, and intoxication with ruin." Dr. Wilson, however, was decided in his veto; 'twas bad for the nerves, bad for the stomach, and had better be let alone. I was there for my health, and determined to do as I was bid, though many a longing came across me after breakfast, when the air was soft and the sun was warm; and I seldom sat down on a bench in the balm of the evening, without putting my hand instinctively in my pocket for the leather case that no longer lay there. At length, after abstaining for a week, I arose on Monday morning with a determination to "treat resolution" that very day. It was out of the question to dream of indulging in the grounds or anywhere in the neighbourhood of the house without being discovered, as Dr. Wilson, Dr. Stummes, or some of the bath-men, or some of the old patients, who acted like monitors to the new, were always about and sure to see you. I therefore made up my mind to defer the deed until towards evening, when, putting a "cigar and light" in my pocket, I hired a mule, and to be as far as possible out of the reach and danger of discovery, started for a remote and unfrequented spot in the hills

between the Beacon and the Sugar-loaf. Having reached my destination, I dismissed the boy and mule, the former with a gratuity and guilty look, which must, had he been very observant, made him fancy that I meditated suicide. I waited till both were out of sight; then looked round to ascertain that there was no one like Dr. Wilson or Dr. Stummes in view, and having satisfied myself that there was no cause for fear—that the coast was clear, I pulled out the cigar case and light. Wetting the gentle weed with my lips, I cast round me another precautionary glance, and then flashed a light, with about the same guilty dread and excitement that Guy Fawkes would have been expected to feel before firing the train under the Houses of Parliament. Oh, the delicious, soothing comfort of those first few whiffs after a week's abstinence!

The sweet smelling incense, the balm of the air,
Stole to my heart, and made all Summer there.

From the little knoll on which I sat, I looked down and around upon a vast and varied panorama, and the sun, as though it were playing bo-peep with the world, was taking, with half its disc above the Beacon, a last retiring glance at the eastern landscape, ere it completely sunk behind the hills for the day. Worcester Cathedral, with its lofty towers, though seven miles off, seemed at my feet; and two distant canopies of smoke showed where the towns of Gloucester and Cheltenham stood. Beautiful as the outspread view was, looked at through the dreamy medium of the thin blue vapour that I puffed forth, it had a poetic glory to my eyes,

that none but one who has impatiently fasted from his Havannah for a whole week could understand. There was, indeed, something delightfully illicit in the act, and I thought of Milton,

And the fruit

Of that forbidden tree,

as out of the reach of discovery, in my lone and lofty retreat in the hills, I perpetrated this great infraction of the laws of Wilson and the water treatment.

THE "OPATHIES."

Second Tuesday.—It is, I think, in medicine, as in religion, let a man once forsake his old faith, and he is sure to make a great many more changes—soon run through the whole cycle of systems. A man may go on for years satisfied with his old family physician—swallow the potions given him with implicit reverence, but let him become a sceptic for a moment, and refuse to believe in drugs, and if he tries one "opathy," he'll try them all. This was the case with a vast number of the patients at Malvern. Several of them had tried two or three systems since their first apostacy from physic—they had graduated through homœopathy to hydropathy, and some of them had been vegetarians, and eaten down whole cabbage gardens and turnip crops in vain attempts to get well. To-day it was announced at dinner that in the evening a Swedish gentleman, with the permission of Dr. Wilson, would lecture in the drawing-room upon a new mode of treating disease called "Keinesitherapeia." The patients were all agog to hear his revelations, and at the

appointed time the Swede explained his system to a "numerous and highly respectable audience," every one of whom felt a personal interest in the matter, in proportion to the intensity of his or her complaint. I am very sorry that I cannot explain the new opathy, for this reason, that I could not by any means clearly understand it, which was not to be wondered at, since the lecturer himself appeared in the same predicament. As well as I could guess, however, at his meaning, "Keinesitherapeia" was the art of healing a complaint by pushing and thumping the patient, by operating with "pokes" upon one muscle, so as to affect another: thus, if you had a head-ache (I remember this illustration the best), he cured it by giving you sundry moderate punches in the throat; and if something was the matter with your back, he worked your shoulders. I thought it was a singular act of magnanimity on the part of Wilson to permit the missionary of another "opathy" to preach the new doctrines in his own drawing-room; but the Doctor is a liberal fellow, and gives a chance to the whole world, satisfied that he can wash away all competitors with his water treatment. One gentleman, who suffered from paralysis of the lower part of the spine, had the Swedish professor to operate on him, and afterwards explained the system to me, which in his case consisted in the professor climbing up on his knees by the backbone to the patient's shoulders, and descending by the same way several times, besides working the sufferer's foot while he sat down, as though he were walking. But my informant appeared to think

it had not done him much good. Besides the Hydro-pathic Establishments, there is a Homœopathic Establishment, and a Vegetarian Establishment (in the latter case the market gardener is your apothecary, and heals you with turnips instead of pills.) The Vegetarian Establishment was built, but had not then begun work, as I understood the Cabbage Doctor could not get servants, as he would not allow them meat, and they refused to live on spinach and horse raddish. Another "opathy" of which I heard a good deal was "glaciopathy," or the art of curing the disease by freezing up the patient: they build you round with ice, and congeal you like a pudding; you are then gradually allowed to thaw out, when all the inflammation is found to have gone. For this last opathy there was no establishment at Malvern, but that favoured village in other respects may be said to be the "capital of all the opathies."

THE MORNING WALK.

Second Wednesday.—I was out this morning rather before six. The only person in the grounds belonging to the house when I went out was a little Scotch gentleman, who, with his neckcloth off, was working away like a nigger at gymnastics, under the covered walk, and his exercise consisted in pulling two large weights by ropes over pullies, as hard and fast as he could. He told me he always had an hour of it every morning, from five to six, "And a gude thing if evra one would e'en do likewise," was his expressed opinion; "we wad then hae a better people, happier parents, and healthier bairns, and better laws; for bad laws proceed from bad

legislators, and bad legislators are made by bad livers and bad stomachs; and bad livers and bad stomachs they wad na have if evra member was compelled to have an hour's work at this [and he pulled the weights harder than ever, in illustration of his advice], before the Speaker's bell rang for prayers."

I laughed, and said he appeared to lay great stress upon the exercise.

"Aye, aye," answered he, his Scotch accent becoming broader, as he warmed to his subject, "It wa' declared that by the sweat of his brow shall mon earn his bread, and we are now paying the penalty of infracting the first decree, I wad pass an act of parliament to compel every mon and woman in England to have a Gymnasium in his or her bedroom. We wad then have robust fathers and mothers, and, as a consequence, healthy bairns. When I came here, Sir, I was a reed shaken by the wind—na offence, Sir, I hope, ye aint a parson—now I am what you see me," and he tugged his weights more terrifically than ever, by way of elucidating his strength.

After this I started for my walk on the Wich road, which rises gradually before you, so that for fully a mile or more you can command it, and all on it, at a glance. While yet at a great distance, I could see Dr. Wilson coming towards me down the hill in company with a friend, and returning from his walk. Ever and anon I noticed some patient, as they met, pull up, put out his tongue, and give his wrist to the Doctor, who,

after a moment or two's examination, passed on, the patient going his own way. My time soon came.

"Good morning, Doctor."

"Good morning. How are you?"

"Well, I fancy, a little bilious."

"Let me see your tongue."

I thrust out the little implement of eloquence so energetically, that I set the Doctor's companion, (who was Mr. Lane, the well-known author of the admirable work on the water-cure) laughing immoderately.

"Not quite the thing," said the Doctor. "Let me feel your pulse."

Having done so, I wished him good morning, and walked on, when Mr. Lane ran after me. "Would you do me the favour," said he, "to let me take a sketch of you with your tongue out? I can give the Doctor from memory, and anything more ludicrous than you looked, as he gazed down that awful gap which you opened in your face, you cannot conceive."

I said I had no objection, provided he did not put me in the next edition of his book. Mr. Lane was quite serious in his intention, for he afterwards invited me to his room to make the drawing.

This "review of tongues" not unfrequently took place in the morning by dozens, on the high road.

A "SCENE ON THE HILLS."

Mounted the hills, and while proceeding along a narrow path which overlooked a deep gorge, on a part of the range running parallel with the Ledbury road,

was arrested by a full and sonorous voice from the depths beneath. Looking down I saw in the valley, some couple of hundred feet below me, Mr. —, a fellow patient, and an eminent tragedian of the London stage, a most agreeable man, too, with whom I sometimes took my morning's walk. Folding his arms with a heroic air, he delivered "up at" me, with a playful pomp of declamation, part of the Chamois Hunter's address to Manfred, as the latter stood poised on a lofty Alpine ledge above him—

What is here?

Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reached
A height which none even of our mountaineers,
Save our best hunters, may attain : his garb
Is goodly, his mein manly, and his air
Proud as a free-born peasant's at this distance—
I will approach him nearer.

There was something very curious in hearing amongst the hills the same tones, delivered with the same look and attitude, as I had heard them on the boards of the Haymarket not long before, when I saw him play Othello to Macready's Iago : yet I think they lost none of their dignity, though delivered in playful mockery from the depths of that wild mountain gorge in the range of the Malverns.

Second Saturday.—A wet morning, but soon the sun broke out, and about eight o'clock the steam rolling off the peaks and steep sides of the high hills, made them appear like Titans taking a vapour bath. After breakfast walked out on the Upton road, and met a Peer in a

Jim Crow hat, in company with his Viscountess, picking blackberries off the hedge by the roadside, with all the primitive simplicity of our first parents. Walked to a hop-yard and brought home a bunch of hops, which I presented to a lady, who said she would put it into a tumbler of water, and thus refresh her memory on the subject of bitter beer, to which it bore a slight resemblance. Went to a watchmaker's, next the Post-office, to be weighed, paid fourpence, and received a card which set down my avoirdupois as 11 stone 10 lbs. This watchmaker realises a handsome annuity out of his weights and scales, for the patients get weighed when they come to Malvern, and get weighed when they are going away, to ascertain their comparative "ponderosities" as Dr. Johnson would say.

MY DEPARTURE.

My third Monday was my last day at Malvern; and though I was delighted on the whole with my stay at the "Castle of Indolence," where I had not even the anxiety of ordering my own dinner, everything of that kind being ordered for me; still I longed again for a life of a little more care, and from my pastoral retreat amid the hills sighed for even the excitement of a bad debt! I accordingly packed my portmantua with my bath blanket and sheets (for which, by the way, I paid a guinea), discharged my bill, and bade adieu to the Doctor, declaring that I was so well satisfied with my treatment, that I would send up the whole bench of Bristol Aldermen to be washed out.

“Do,” said he, “and the Mayor.” I shook my head, but should his Worship or the Worshipful Bench be disposed to try the water treatment they have my personal assurance of the purity of the element.

I have ended my diary and doings at Malvern, and now, good reader, if you wish to know any more about the wet sheets you must run up and see for yourself.—One thing I can say, though I have been often at the well, I have not met with the fate of the

BROKEN PITCHER.





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